

Ellen Bayley

THE
D E V I L
UPON
TWO STICKS.

THE
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TWO STICKS



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Diabie Boiteux :

OR, THE

D E V I L

U P O N

T W O S T I C K S.

Translated from the French of
MONSIEUR LE SAGE,

Author of the Adventures of GIL BLAS.

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THE DEVIL

UPON TWO STICKS.

CHAP. I.

Necessary to be read in order to the understanding the rest.

ONE night in October, when thick darkness had overspread the famous city of Madrid, and the weary inhabitants being retired to their respective homes, had left the streets free to those restless lovers, whose nightly care it is to record on the wakeful guitar their pains or pleasures under the balconies of their mistresses; and now those busie instruments had already roused the careful fathers, and alarm'd the jealous husbands—in short, it was almost midnight, when Don Cleofas Leandro Perez Zam-

bullo, a young scholar of Alcala, very nimblely bolted out of the garret window of a house, into which the indiscreet son of the Cytherean goddess had inticed him. He endeavour'd to preserve his life and honour, by flying from three or four bullies, who follow'd close at his heels, threatening to kill or force him to marry a lady, with whom they had just before surprized him. Tho' alone, he yet bravely defended himself for some time against so much odds; and had still maintain'd his ground, if they had not wrested his sword from him in the fight: they follow'd him for some time along the gutters; but, favour'd by the night, he at length got clear of 'em, and stealing along from one * house-top to another, he made towards a light which he perceiv'd a great distance off, and which, feeble as it was, yet serv'd him for a lanthorn in that dangerous conjuncture. After more than once running the risque of breaking his neck, he reach'd the garret whence its rays proceeded, and enter'd it by a window, as much

The tops of the houses in Spain are flat.



transported with joy as a pilot is when he finds himself, and his ship, safe in the harbour, after a narrow escape at sea, and the terrors of a tempest.

He immediately look'd around him; and much wonder'd he should meet with no body in an apartment, which seem'd so very odd and surprising. He examin'd it with great attention, and saw a copper lamp hanging from the ceiling, books and papers in confusion on the table, spheres and compasses on the one side, phials and quadrants on the other; all which made him conclude, that under this roof liv'd an astrologer, who usually retir'd hither to make his observations.

He reflected on the dangers he had escap'd, and was considering what course was the most proper for him to take, when he was interrupted by a deep sigh that broke forth very near him. He at first took it for a nocturnal illusion, or imaginary fantome proceeding from the disturbance he was in, and without interruption continu'd his reflection: but being interrupted a second time in the same manner, he then took it for something real, and tho' he saw

no soul in the room, could not help crying out what devil is it that sighs here? 'tis me Signior scholar, answered a voice which had somewhat very extraordinary in it; I have been a year enclos'd in one of these glass-phials. In this house lives a skilful astrologer and magician, who by the pow'r of his art has confin'd me to this close prison. You are then a spirit, said Cleofas, somewhat confus'd at this uncommon adventure. I am a daemon reply'd the voice, and you are come very opportunely to free me from a slavery where I languish in idleness; tho' I am the most active and indefatigable devil in hell.

Cleofas was somewhat affrighted at these words; but being naturally courageous, he recollected himself, and in a resolute tone thus address'd himself to the spirit. Signior daemon, pray inform me by what character you are distinguish'd amongst your brethren; are you a devil of quality, or an ordinary one? I am, reply'd the voice, a very considerable devil, and am more esteem'd in this and the other world than any other. Perhaps,

reply'd Cleofas you may be the daemon which we call Lucifer? no, reply'd the spirit, he is the mountebanks devil. Are you then Uriel? returned the scholar. Fie! (hastily interrupted the voice) he is the patron of traders, tailors, butchers, and other third-rate thieves. It may be you are Belzebub, said Don Cleofas. You deceive yourself, answer'd the spirit, he is the daemon of governantes and gentlemen-ushers, or waiting-men. This surprises me, said the scholar; I took Belzebub for one of the greatest of your number, he is one of the least, reply'd the daemon; you have no true notion of our hell. You must then, reply'd Don Cleofas, be either Leviathan, Belphegor, or Ashtaroth. Oh! as for those three, said the voice, they are devils of the first rank; they are the court spirits: they enter into the councils of princes, animate their ministers, form leagues, stir up insurrections in states, and light the torches of war. Ah! tell me, I entreat you, said the scholar, what post has Flagel? he is the soul of the law, and the life of the bar, reply'd the devil: it is he which makes out the attornies and bailiffs

writes; he inspires the pleaders, possesseth the council, and attends the judges. But my business lyes another way: I make ridiculous matches, and marry old grey beards to raw girls under age, masters to their maids, virgins of low fortunes to lovers which have none. 'Tis I that have introduc'd into the world luxury, debauchery, hazardous games, and chymistry. I am the inventor of carousals, dancing, music, plays, and all the new French fashions. In a word, I am the celebrated Asmodeo, surnam'd the Devil upon two sticks.

Ah! cry'd Don Cleofas, you are then the famous Asmodeo, so gloriously celebrated by Agrippa, and the Clavicula Salomonis? really you have not told me all your amusements; you have forgotten the best of them. I know that you sometimes divert yourself with asswaging the pains of unfortunate lovers, deceiving jealous husbands, and tempting of ladies; and it was by your assistance that a young gentleman, a friend of mine, crept into the good graces of a corregidor's lady. 'Tis true, said the spirit, I reserv'd that till the last: I

am the daemon of luxury, or to express it genteeler, the God Cupid; for the poets have bestow'd that fine name on me, and indeed painted me in very advantageous colours; they describe me with gilded wings, a fillet bound over my eyes, a bow in my hand, a quiver of arrows on my shoulders, and a charming beautiful face. What sort of face it is you shall immediately see, if you please to set me at liberty.

Signior Asmodeo, reply'd Don Cleofas, you know that I have long been your sincere devotee; of the truth of which the dangers I just now run are sufficient evidences. I should be very ambitious of an opportunity of serving you; but the vessel in which you are hidden is undoubtedly enchanted, and all my endeavours to unstop or break it will be vain; wherefore I can't very well tell which way to deliver you out of prison: I am not much us'd to these sort of deliverances; and betwixt you and I, if such a subtle devil as you are cannot make your way out, how can a wretched mortal like me effect it? 'Tis in your power to do it, answer'd

the daemon; the phial in which I am enclos'd is barely a plain glass bottle, which is very easie to break; you need only throw it on the ground, and I shall immediately appear in human shape. If so, said the scholar, 'tis easier than I imagin'd; tell me then in which phial you are, for I see so many like one another, that I cannot distinguish them. It is the fourth from the window, reply'd the spirit. 'Tis enough, Signior Asmodeo, return'd Don Cleofas; there is now only one small difficulty which deters me: when I have done you this service, won't you make me pay for the broken pots? No accident shall befall you, answer'd the Daemon; but on the contrary you will be pleas'd with my acquaintance. I will learn you whatever you are desirous to know, inform you of all things which happen in the world, and discover to you all the faults of mankind. I will be your tutelar daemon, you shall find me much more intelligent than that of Socrates, and I will make you far surpass that philosopher in wisdom. In a word, I will bestow myself on you, with my good and ill qua-

lities; the latter of which shall not be less advantageous to you than the former. These are fine promises, reply'd the scholar, but you gentlemen devils are accus'd of not being very religious observers of what you promise to men. It is a groundless charge, reply'd Asmodeo: some of my brethren indeed make no scruple of breaking their word, but I am a slave to mine; and I swear by all that renders our oaths inviolable, that I won't deceive you. I promise, withal, that you shall revenge yourself on Donna Thomasa, that perfidious lady, who hid four ruffians to surprize and force you to marry her.

Don Cleofas charm'd above all with this last promise, to hasten its accomplishment immediately took the phial, and without concerning himself what might be the event of it, he threw it hard against the ground. It broke into a thousand pieces, and overflow'd the floor with a blackish liquor, which by little and little evaporated, and converted itself into a thick smoak; which dissipating all at once, the amaz'd scholar beheld the si-

figure of a man in a cloak, about two foot and a half high, resting on two crutches. This diminutive lame monster had goats legs, a long visage, sharp chin, a yellow and black complexion, and a very flat nose; his eyes, which seem'd very little, resembled two lighted coals; his mouth was extremely wide, above which were two wretched red whiskers, edg'd with a pair of unparallel'd lips.

This charming Cupid's head was wrapt up in a sort of turban of red crape, turn'd up with a plume of cocks and peacocks feathers. About his neck he wore a yellow linnen collar, on which were drawn several models of necklaces and pendants. He was dress'd in a short white fatten coat, and girt about with a girdle of virgin parchment, mark'd with talismanical characters. On this coat were painted several pair of womens stays very advantageously fitted for the discovery of their breasts; scarves, party-colour'd aprons, new fashion'd head-dresses of various sorts, some more extravagant than others. But all these were nothing compar'd

with his cloak, the bottom of which was also of white sattin. On it, with Indian ink, were drawn an infinite number of figures, with so much freedom, and such masterly strokes, that it was natural enough to think the devil had a hand in it. On one side appear'd a Spanish lady cover'd with her vail, teasing a stranger to walk with her; and on the other a French one practising new airs in her glass, in order to try them on a young patch'd and painted abbot, who appear'd at her chamber door. Here a parcel of Italian cavaliers were singing and playing on the guitar under their mistresses balconies; and there a company of Germans all in confusion and unbutton'd, more intoxicated with wine and begrim'd with snuff than the conceited French young abbots, surrounding a table o'erflow'd with the filthy remains of their debauch. In one place was a great Mahometan lord coming out of the bath, and encompass'd by all the women of his seraglio, officiously crouding to tender him their service. There the gamesters were also wonderfully well represented; some of them, ani-

mated by a sprightly joy, heaping up pieces of gold and silver in their hats; and others, broken and reduc'd to play upon honour, casting up their sacrilegious eyes to heav'n, and gnawing their cards with despair. To conclude, there were as many curious things to be seen on it as on the admirable buckler of the son of Peleus, which exhausted all Vulcan's art; with this difference betwixt the performance of the two cripples, that the figures on the buckler had no relation to the exploits of Achilles, but on the contrary those on the cloak were so many lively images of whatever was done in the world by the suggestion of Asmodeo.

CH A P. II.
*In which the story of Asmodeo's deliverance
is continu'd.*

THE Daemon observing that the sight of him did not very agreeably prepossess the scholar in his favour, smiling said; well, Signior Don Cleofas Leandro Perez Zambullo, you see the charming God of love, the sovereign ruler of hearts. What

do you think of my beauty and air ? don't you take the poets for excellent painters ? Why really, answer'd Cleofas, they do flatter a little. You did not, I suppose, appear in this shape to Psyche ? Doubtless no, reply'd Asmodeo : I borrow'd the appearance of a beautiful young swain, to make her doat on me : vice must always be cover'd with a fair appearance, without which it will never please. I assume whatever shape I will, and could have shew'd myself to you cloath'd with a finer imaginary body ; but designing, without any disguise, to lay myself open to you, I was willing that you should see me in a shape best suited to the opinion which the world entertains of me and my functions. I am not surpriz'd, said the scholar, that you are somewhat ugly ; pardon, if you please, the harshness of the term, the conversation which we have had together may admit of some freedom. Your features are very well proportion'd to the idea I have of you ; but pray tell me how you came to be a cripple. My lameness, answer'd the devil, is owing to a quarrel I formerly had in France with Pilliardoe

the devil of interest, about one Manceau, a man of business, and one of the farmers of the revenues ; he being very rich, we as warmly contested who shou'd have the possession of him, and fought it out in the middle region of the air, from whence Pilliardoe being the stronger of the two threw me down on the earth, as the poets tell you Jupiter did Vulcan ; and so from the resemblance of our adventures, my comrades call'd me the Lame Devil, or the Devil upon Two Sticks ; and that nick-name, which they gave me in rail-lery, has stuck with me ever since : but tho' a cripple, I can yet go pretty nimbly ; you shall be a witness of my agility. But, adds he, let us end this discourse, and make haste out of the garret. It will not be long before the magician comes up to labour at the immortality of a beautiful Sylphe which nightly visits him ; and if he should surprize us, he would not fail to commit me to the bottle from whence I came, and confine you to the same. Let's therefore, in the first place, throw away all the pieces of the broken phial, that the enchanter may not disco-

ver my enlargement. If he should find it after our departure, said Cleofas, what would then be the event? What would be the event! answer'd the daemon; Alas! were I conceal'd at the farthest part of the earth, or hidden in the region where the fiery Salamanders dwell; should I descend to the shades below, or the bottom of the deepest sea, I should not be secur'd from his resentment. His conjurations are so powerful that all hell trembles at them. In short, I cannot resist his arbitrary commands, but shall be forc'd, much against my will, to appear before him, and submit to whatever pains he pleases to inflict on me. If so, reply'd the scholar, I very much fear that our conversation will be of no long duration; this dreadful necromancer will soon perceive our flight. I dont know that, reply'd the spirit, for we can't tell what may happen. What, said Don Cleofas, are you not acquainted with futurity? No indeed, reply'd the devil, we know nothing of that matter; but those which depend upon our assistance, are fine bubbles; and indeed to this opinion are to

be ascrib'd all the fooleries which are impos'd on women of quality by fortune-tellers of both sexes, when they consult them on future events. I don't know therefore whether the magician will soon discover my absence, but hope not, for here being several phials very like that in which I was enclos'd, he may perhaps not miss a single one. I am much in the same condition in his laboratory as a law-book is in the library of a man of business; he never thinks of me, and when he doth, he never doth me the honour of conversing with me. He is the most insolent enchanter that I know; for during the whole time that I was his prisoner, he did not once vouchsafe to speak to me. What sort of fellow is this? reply'd Don Cleofas; or what have you done to draw down his hatred upon you? I cross'd one of his designs, reply'd Asmodeo: there was a place in the custom-house void, which he propos'd to obtain for a friend of his, but I was resolv'd it shou'd be given to another. The magician prepar'd a Talisman, compos'd of the most powerful

characters of the Cabala ; but I influenc'd the mistress of a clerk of the same office to solicit it, and she accordingly carry'd it from the Talisman.

At these words the daemon gather'd up all the pieces of the broken phial, and after having thrown them out of the window, come then, said he to the scholar, let us make the best of our way ; take hold of the end of my cloak, and fear nothing. However dangerous the offer appear'd to Don Cleofas, he yet chose rather to accept it, than expose himself to the resentment of the magician ; wherefore he took as good hold as he could of the devil, who carry'd him out at the window.

C H A P. III.

Whether the devil carry'd Don Cleofas, and what things he shew'd him.

ASMODEO was not in the wrong when he boasted his agility ; he cleft the air with as much rapidity as an arrow from a bow, and pearch'd on St. Saviour's steeple. When gotten on his

feet, he said to Don Cleofas, Well, Signior Leandro, when men are in a very uneasy, hobling coach, and cry out, ' This ' is a coach for the devil ! do you now think they do us justice ? I think nothing can be more unreasonable, answer'd Don Cleofas very briskly, and am ready to affirm upon experience that the devil's is not only a very easy carriage, but also so expeditious that no body can be tir'd on the road. Very well, reply'd the Daemon ; but you don't know why I brought you hither. I intend from this high place to shew you whatever is at present doing in Madrid. By my diabolical power I will heave up the roofs of the houses, and notwithstanding the darkness of the night, clearly expose to your view whatever is now under them. At these words he extended his right hand, and in an instant all the roofs of the houses seem'd remov'd ; and the scholar saw the insides of 'em as plainly as if it had been noon-day.

This view was too surprising not to employ all his attention ; his eyes run through all parts of the city, and the va-

riety which surrounded him was sufficient to engage his curiosity for a long time. Signior Student, said the daemon, this confusion of objects, which you survey with so much pleasure, affords really a very charming prospect; but in order to furnish you with a perfect knowledge of human life, it is necessary to explain to you what all those people, which you see, are doing. I will disclose to you the springs of their actions, and their most secret thoughts.

Prithee, said the scholar, since you are so kind a devil, let me a little look about me from this mighty precipice, whereon we sit with so much security. What a very agreeable mixture of persons and things do these numberless candles and torches, round this great city, present to us? What pretty arts men have to extend their lives, and double their joys, by this day of their own making? 'Tis, methinks, an argument of the greatness of human life, that the wit of man is never at rest, but always hurry'd on in search of something to give itself a satisfaction, which cannot be drawn from

mere natural occurrences, but must be rais'd from the embellishments of arts, the entertainment of inventions, and—the devil had not patience, but immediately interrupted the harangue. Cleofas was going into, and told him; Sir, if you desire our conversation shall not be merely a ramble, like the labour of silly travellers, who fill their heads with admiration, and neglect knowledge, let me beseech you to wait for my opinion of what you see, before you commend it. The spacious streets taken up with various business and hurry, the different ways you see equipages, laden carriages, and crouds of people moving by candle-light, make you fall into applauses of the industry of man, when at the same time I must tell you, there is not one person in all that croud who had not better be fast asleep, than employ'd as you see him, if you knew what he was going about, and is the motive of his actions.

Daemon, reply'd the scholar, you and I are so new acquaintance, and the profession you are of has so ill a reputation for sincerity, that I am at a loss, both as

to what kind of things you really think laudable, and as to your veracity in speaking your real sentiments of what you applaud. Scholar, said the daemon, we shall speak of things, and persons, as they stand in the order of nature. A man is to be commended when he doth what, as man, he ought to do; and a thing is valuable so far as it is serviceable to some good end or other. By this plain way of thinking, objects keep their place in the opinion, whether the observer be a devil, a saint, a philosopher or a peasant. Before this light it is, that grave politicians of twenty, airy girls of fifty, languishing lovers of sixty, and all persons who affect characters unseasonable to their age, I say, before this light it is, that all varnish disappears, and youth is then only graceful when it becomes its pleasures, and age when it consults its ease.

The scholar was still entertaining his eyes in the gross, with the variety of objects before him, and enjoying the pleasure of looking into the houses which his companion had until'd, when an assem-

bly very regularly dispos'd in one of 'em had fix'd his attention: he communicated his satisfaction to his familiar, who immediately assum'd a new air and mein, and told him, with an unusual chearfulness, that he was glad he lik'd an edifice in which he had a particular interest. That structure, said he, is a theatre, the master of which is so near a relation of mine, that I may call it my own house upon that foundation, as well as that it is the constant scene of love-adventures, of which I am president. I see, quoth Cleofas, a pretty snug gentleman stand behind the scenes, with a cane in his hand, of a wrinkled countenance, but an amorous briskish eye; he looks, methinks, as if he had formerly been an old man, and there is something so particularly resembling yourself in the novelty of his address, that I presume he is the kinsman you boast of. Sir, answer'd Asmodeo, your conjecture is just: that is Signior Divito: you are to understand, continued he, the figure you there observe is a twin-brother of mine, and lay with me in the same cradle, when a certain emissary of

the kingdom of darkness came and survey'd us both; me he observ'd to be the most phlegmatick, and consequently thought I should stand in need of continual instigation to evil, therefore he took me off to make a devil, and left my brother to be bred an attorney, in which way we are sure of mens services all their lives, and their company at the end of 'em. But what has an attorney to do with the stage? interrupted Cleofas. Sir, reply'd Asmodeo, an attorney has hold of any thing or person with which he can join his name in a parchment: my brother had these premises for ever fix'd to him by an instrument which men call a mortgage, with this peculiar clause, that the land is for ever paying, but is never to discharge itself, which is a prerogative they of the faculty have above all other men; for lawyers, like priests, can purchase but not alienate. This my brother is the newest character upon earth, an hopeful old man, and I doubt not before he is seventy he'll make love with as good an air as the best of 'em. He has wholly bid farewell to his dusty

parchments, and uses his arts as an attorney but merely as the pitfalls and trap-doors on his stage, which serve at once to make his own escape, and catch his pursuers. Well, quoth Cleofas, of all men living give me the life of Signior Divito: such company to visit him! such a seraglio to attend him! I may say it without vanity, quoth Asmodeo, my brother has as great an influence on the pains and joys of lovers as any being below myself in the universe: but such is the ingratitude of mankind, that all his cares are neglected. Did you but see him in his spectacles examining the tender hams of a young dancer, the heaving bosom of an actress to be bred to tragedy; in short, the constant correspondences the painful labourer is forc'd to keep with all the idle part of mankind, both foreign and domestick, you would own him to be the Machiavel for the state of love. He can tell you, as soon as any spirit of us all, how long such a young virgin will hold out against such an importunate lover, how soon that lover will be weary of her and consequently she fall under his de-

minions, to act and propagate the passion which undid her. I am very glad, my dear scholar, you fix'd your eye there, for a theatre is the truest picture of human life; and the men who make the greatest figure in the world are no more what they seem, than that little diminutive fellow you see taking off his buskins and his feathers in the tyring-room, is the hero you saw just now on the stage. To make it yet more like the world, do you look on yonder couch, and see how Lucrece and Tarquin agree behind the scenes. Such is the force of distance, and well manag'd imposture, that the pitch and rosin that fellow is mixing will appear to the audience lightning, and the rolling that nine-pin bowl makes him a thunderer: in a word, the stage may represent to you in the most lively colours the distinctions and manners among men. This only must be said for the play-house, that it is much less a cheat than the world: for the actor must have the mein, the gesture, the look, the voice, and the whole behaviour of the hero whom he personates; while the mock-worthy,

which fortune gives you very often; in every step he makes is out of his character, and shows you he either never knew, or has forgot what is really his part. To give you then instances of the imposture in each place, turn from the play-house, and look else-where.

Observe first of all, in the house on the right hand, that old wretch telling his gold and silver; he is a covetous man: 'tis surprising to see with what pleasure that old fool contemplates his riches! he can never satiate himself. But at the same time see what his heirs are doing in the chamber adjoining, they are consulting a witch to know when he shall die. In the next house observe that superannuated coquet going to bed, after leaving her hair, eye-brows and teeth on her toilet. Do you see, a little farther, that amorous dotard of sixty just come from making love? he has already laid down his eye, false whiskers, and periwig which hid his bald pate, and expects his man to take off his wooden arm and leg, in order to go to bed with the rest.

Cast your eyes on that magnificent pa-

lace, you will there see a great lord laid in a splendid apartment, with a casket full of billet-doux, which he continually reads to lull him asleep more pleasantly: they come from the lady whom he adores, and who puts him to such an expence, that he will soon be reduc'd to solicit for a vice-royalty to support himself. In the next house on the left hand is Donna Fabula, who has just sent for a midwife, and is going to present her husband Don Terribio with an heir. Are not you charm'd with that gentleman's good nature? the cries of his dear half-self pierce his soul, he is wounded with grief, and suffers as much as she; with what care and earnestness doth he labour to help her! really, said the scholar, the man is in a great fatigue; but in reward of all his pains, I discern another who sleeps very soundly in the same house, without being at all concern'd at the success of this affair. And yet the business relates to him, said the cripple, he is the domestic that has occasion'd all those pains his lady endures. Observe there that hypocrite rubbing himself all over

with coach-wheel greafe, in order to go to a meeting of forcerers this night betwixt St. Sebastians and Fontarabia. I would carry you thither this minute, to oblige you with that pleasant diversion, if I was not afraid of being known by the devil which personates the he-goat there. He is a rascal that would betray me, and would not fail to advise our magician of my flight. That devil and you, said the scholar, are not then very good friends. Far from it, reply'd Asmodeo; for about two years since we fell out at Paris, about a gentleman's son, to the disposal of whom we both pretended: he would have made him a factor, and I would have made him a very fortunate man, but our comrades, to end the dispute, made a monk of him. After this we were reconcil'd, and embrac'd, notwithstanding which we have been mortal enemies ever since.

Let's leave this fine assembly, said Don Cleofas, and pursue our examination of what is doing in this city. Content, reply'd the devil; let's then laugh a little at that old musician singing a passionate

song to his young wife. He would fain have her admire the tune which he hath just compos'd ; but she likes the words better, because made, and given to her husband to set, by a fine gentleman that loves her. Let us divert ourselves with that.—Stay, I beseech you, interrupted Don Cleofas, first pray tell me, what mean those sparks of fire which issue out of that cave ? it is, reply'd the cripple, one of the most foolish amongst all the works of men. He that you see in that cave, at the burning furnace, is an alchymist, whose rich patrimony the fire will consume by slow degrees, and he will never find what he spends it in search of ; for, betwixt you and I, the philosophers stone is no more than a fine chimera, that I myself forg'd, to divert myself with human understanding, which would pass the bounds prescrib'd to it. And who, reply'd the scholar, are those women that I see at a table in the next house ? they are two famous courtesans, return'd the devil, and those two gentlemen who are committing a debauch with them, are two of the greatest lords of the court.

Ah ! how charming and engaging they seem, said Don Cleofas. I don't wonder that persons of quality follow them ; how they embrace them ! they must certainly be deeply in love with them ! ah ! how young and inexperience'd you are ? reply'd the spirit ; you don't know this sort of ladies, their hearts are more painted than their faces. Whatever marks of tenderness they express, they have not any concern for those lords ; they caress them to obtain a protection of one, and a settlement of the other. All coquets are the same, and tho' men very fairly ruin themselves for them, they are not the more lov'd by them ; but on the contrary, whoever pays for love is treated like a husband : this is a law in amorous intrigues, which I myself have establish'd. But let's leave those noblemen to taste the pleasures they so dearly purchase, whilst their footmen, who wait for 'em in the street, comfort themselves with the pleasing expectation of enjoying them gratis.

Cast your eye a little farther on that honest apothecary, his wife and man, who

are all at work in the shop at this late hour. Do you know what they are doing? The master is preparing a prolific pill for an old advocate that is to be marry'd to-morrow: the man is making ready a laxative barley decoction, and the woman beating astringent drugs in the mortar. In the opposite house, said the scholar, I see a man getting out of his bed and dressing in great haste. It is, answer'd the spirit, a physician rising on a very pressing occasion. He is sent for to a devotee, who cough'd twice or thrice within an hour after he was gone to bed.

Turn your eyes a little farther on the right, continu'd the devil, and try whether, by the dull lamp in that garret, you can distinguish a man stalking in his shirt. Yes, yes, I am right, reply'd the scholar; I see a garret furnish'd with a wretched sorry bed, stool, table, and the dirty walls all over as black as soot. The person that is lodg'd so many stories high is a poet, reply'd Asmodeo, and what seems to you to be the foulness of his walls, are tragic verses of his own composition, with which he has hung his cham-

ber; for the want of paper forces him to write his poems on the walls. By the hurry and busie air of his gate, said Don Cleofas, I should conclude that he was composing some piece of very great importance. You are not in the wrong to think so, said the cripple, he yesterday gave the finishing stroke to a tragedy, entitled, The Universal Deluge; in which the critics themselves cannot blame him for not preserving the unity of place, since all the scenes are laid in Noah's Ark. I assure you 'tis an excellent piece, for all the beasts are there introduc'd talking as learnedly as doctors themselves. He designs to dedicate it, and has already spent six hours in working up the epistle dedicatory, and is at this moment gotten to the last line. It may justly be call'd a master-piece; for not one of the moral and political virtues, nor one of the topics of praise, which may excusably be bestow'd on a man whose ancestors, or his own merit, hath render'd illustrious, are spar'd; never was author so prodigally lavish in his flatteries. To whom does he intend to address this elogy?

said the scholar. He knows nothing of that yet, answer'd the devil, he has left a blank for the name. He is in quest of some rich lord, more generous than the patrons to whom he has dedicated his former books. But good customers, which pay well for dedicatory epistles, are very scarce at present; the people of quality have mended that fault, and thereby done an acceptable service to the public, which before was continually pester'd with wretched performances, by reason the greatest part of the books were written to make way for their respective dedications.

Let's watch, continu'd Asmodeo, those thieves that have broken into a rich banker's house by his balcony; observe them coming out of the counting-house, and returning perfectly empty. What is the reason of that? said the scholar. The banker has prevented them, return'd the daemon; he yesterday made the best of his way to Holland, with all the riches in his coffers. If I am not mistaken, said Don Cleofas, there's another thief on a ladder getting into that balcony. That

is no thief, reply'd the lame devil, 'tis a marquis scaling the chamber of a virgin, who is very willing to be rid of that name. He made her some superficial promises of marriage, and she not in the least distrusting his oaths, soon yielded; and no wonder, for on love's exchange your marquisses are merchants of very great reputation.

I see something very particular, said the scholar, it is a man in a night-cap and night-gown that is writing very hard, whose hand is guided by a little black figure which stands at his elbow. The man that writes, answer'd the cripple, is a clerk of a court or register, who, to oblige a guardian, is altering a sentence pronounc'd in favour of his pupil, and the little black figure is beau Grifael, the clerk's devil. But reply'd Don Cleofas, this Grifael, I suppose, supplies this place only as a deputy, since Flagel being the spirit of the bar, the registers seem directly subjected to his direction. No, reply'd Asmodeo, the registers were thought a body considerable enough to have a devil of their own, and I assure you he has more upon his hands than he can compass.

But my friend, said the scholar, I see every body is up in that great house on the left. Some are making good cheer others dancing; pray what's the meaning of all this? It is a wedding, said the daemon; but within less than three days, that very palace which you see at present the scene of so much joy, was the house of utmost mourning. The story is worth hearing, and I must tell it you. At the same time he thus began.

C H A P. IV.
*The history of the Count de Belflor, and
Leonora de Cespides.*

THE Count de Belflor, one of the most considerable grandees of the court, lov'd young Leonora de Cespides to distraction, but never intended to marry her: the daughter of an ordinary gentleman did not seem a match considerable enough for him, for which reason he only propos'd to make a mistress of her. 'Twas with this design that he pursu'd her wherever she went, and lost no opportunity of discovering his love, by the extraordinary

respects he paid her : but he could neither speak nor write to her, she being perpetually guarded by a severe and vigilant duenna, whose name was madam Marcella. This drove him to despair, and feeling his desires irritated by the difficulty of attaining 'em, he was continually projecting ways to deceive the Argus which guarded his lo. On the other side, Leonora perceiving the Count's regard for her, could not help being touch'd with the same tenderness for him, which insensibly form'd itself into such a passion in her heart, as at last grew to be extremely violent. I did not indeed augment it by my common temptations, because the magician which kept me prisoner deny'd me the use of all my functions ; but nature, no less dangerous than myself, engag'd in it, and that was enough ; and indeed all the difference that there is betwixt her and me is, that nature corrupts hearts by slow degrees, whilst I seduce them expeditionally.

Affairs were in this posture, when Leonora and her perpetual governante, going one morning to church, met an old woman with one of the largest string

of beads that ever hypocrisie yet made : accosting them with a pleasant smiling air, she thus address'd herself to the duenna ; The good God preserve you ! said she ; The holy peace be with you ! Give me leave to ask whether you are not madam Marcella, the chaste widow of the late signior Martin Rozeta ? The governante having answer'd, Yes : you are luckily met then, reply'd the old woman ; and I am to acquaint you, that I have at home an old relation of mine, who is very desirous to speak with you. He is lately arriv'd from Flanders, was your husband's most intimate friend, and has some particulars of the utmost importance to communicate to you. He had waited on you if he had not been prevented by a fit of sickness, that has brought him to the point of death. I live not half a stone's throw from hence, I beseech you to take the trouble of following me.

The governante, who wanted not prudence and good sense, being afraid of a false step, knew not what to resolve on ; but the old woman guessing the reason

of her uneasiness, said to her ; Dear madam Marcella, you may securely rely upon me, my name is la Chicona ; the Licentiate Marcas de Figuerrea, and the batchelor Mira de Mesqua will answer for me as soon as for their grand mothers. I don't desire you to come to my house for any thing but your own good. My relation is willing to restore you a sum of money, which he borrow'd of your husband. The very thoughts of restitution engag'd Marcella on her side : Come girl, said she to Leonora, let's go see this good lady's relation ; to visit the sick is an act of charity.

They soon reach'd la Chicona's house ; and were led into a lower room, where they found a man in bed with a grey beard, and if he was not really very sick, he at least feign'd himself so. Cousin, said the old woman, presenting to him the governante, here is the lady you desir'd to speak with, madam Marcella, the widow of your friend signior Martin Rozeta. At these words the old man lifting up his head a little, saluted the duenna, and making signs for her to come

nearer the bed-side, said in a feeble tone; I thank Heaven, dear madam Marcella, for prolonging my life to this moment, which was the only thing I desir'd; I fear'd I should have died without the satisfaction of seeing you, and putting into your hands a hundred ducats which my intimate friend, your late husband, lent me, to help me out of an honourable quarrel I was formerly engag'd in at Bruges. Did he never acquaint you with that adventure: alas no, answer'd madam Marcella, he never mention'd it. God rest his soul! he was generous enough to forget the services he did his friends; and, very unlike those boasters who brag of what they never did, he never told when he oblig'd any person. He certainly had a very great soul, reply'd the old man; a truth which I am more firmly engaged to believe than any man else; and to prove it to you, you must give me leave to relate the affair out of which I was so happily extricated by his assistance; but having something to disclose of the last importance with regard to the memory of the decess'd, I should be very glad of an

opportunity of revealing them to his discreet widow alone.

Very well, said la Chicon, that you may have the better opportunity of discouraging her in private, this young lady and I will retire to my closet. At these words she left the duenna with the sick man, and conducted Leonora into another chamber, where without any circumlocution she said, Fair Leonora, the moments are too precious to be mis-spent; you know the count de Belflor by sight, he has long lov'd you, and languishing dies for an opportunity to tell you so; but the vigilance and severity of your governante have always hinder'd him from enjoying that satisfaction. In this despair he had recourse to my industry, which I have made use of for him. The old man whom you have just now seen is the count's young valet de chambre, and all that hath been done is only a trick to deceive your governante, and draw you hither.

These words were no sooner ended, than the Count, who was concealed behind the hangings, appear'd, and throwing himself at Leonora's feet: Madam,

said he, pardon the stratagem of a lover who could no longer live without speaking to you ; if this obliging matron had not procur'd me this opportunity, I should have abandon'd myself to despair. These words, express'd with a very moving air by a person not at all disagreeable to her, highly perplex'd Leonora : she continu'd sometime doubtful what answer she ought to make ; but at last recovering herself, and looking displeas'd at the Count, said, Perhaps you believe yourself very much oblig'd to this officious lady, who has so well serv'd your purpose ; but her designs to serve you shall prove as ineffectual as they are wicked. At these words she made several steps to get out of the room, but the Count stopp'd her ; Stay, said he, adorable Leonora, hear me one moment, my passion is so pure that it ought not to alarm you ; I own you have some grounds to oppose the artifice which I have made use of to converse with you ; but have I not hitherto in vain endeavour'd to speak to you ? I have follow'd you these six months to the churches, walks, play-

houses, and all public places, I have long in vain watch'd an opportunity of telling you how you have charm'd me ; your cruel, your merciless governess has continually frustrated my designs. Alas then, instead of running the stratagem which I have been forc'd to employ into a crime, commiserate, fair Leonora, my suffering all the tortures, of such a tedious expectation, and judge, by your charms, the mortal pangs they have occasion'd.

Belflor did not forget to reinforce his words with all the airs of persuasion which gallant men are us'd to practise with success, accompanying his words with some tears ; with which Leonora began to be touch'd, and in despite of her resolution, some tender compassionate emotions began to arise in her heart ; but far from yielding to them, the more she perceiv'd them to grow, the more she press'd to be gone : Count, said she, all your talk is in vain, I will not hear you ; don't detain me any longer, but let me go out of a house in which my virtue is so rudely attack'd, or by my cries I will call in all the neighbourhood, and ex-

pose your audaciousness to the public. This she utter'd in such a resolute tone, that la Chicona, who was oblig'd to stand in awe of the magistracy, begg'd of the count not to push things any farther; upon which he forbore opposing Leonora's intention, who got out of his hands, and (what had never before happen'd to any virgin) quitted the closet as good a maid as she enter'd it.

She immediately flew to her gover-nante; Come, good matron, said she, leave off your foolish dialogue; we are cheated, let's quit this dangerous house. What's the matter, child! with amazement answer'd madam Marcella: what is the reason of your so hasty departure? I'll inform you, reply'd Leonora; but let's fly, for every minute I stay here gives me fresh uneasiness. However earnest the duenna was to know the cause of this haste, she could not then be satisfy'd, but was oblig'd to yield to the instances of Leonora. They both went away in a hurry, leaving la Chicona, the Count, and his valet de chambre, in as great confusion, as a parcel of players o-

blig'd to act a piece, that has already been damned by the beaux critics.

When Leonora was gotten into the street, with a great deal of inward disturbance, she began to tell her gover-nante what pass'd in la Chicona's closet. Madam Marcella was very attentive, and when they had reach'd their own house, I protest, my daughter, said she, I am extremely mortify'd at the thoughts of what you have just inform'd me; how was it possible for me to be deluded by that old woman? At first I made a difficulty of following her: O that I had continu'd in the same opinion! I ought to have mistrusted her flattering wheedles. I have committed a folly not to be forgiven in a person of my experience. Ah why did not you discover this plot whilst I was at la Chicona's house! I would have scratch'd out their eyes, call'd the Count de Belflor by all the names I could have thought on, and tore off the beard of the counterfeit old man, who told me so many lies. But I will this minute return with the money which I honestly receiv'd, as a real restitution of what I

suppos'd my husband had lent, and if I find them together they shall not lose by staying for me. These words ended, she flew out, and made the best of her way to la Chicon's house.

The Count was yet there, and by the ill success of his stratagem, reduc'd almost to despair. Another would have quitted the pursuit; but he was not discourag'd: for, with a thousand good qualities, he had one which was very ill; it was the suffering himself to be too much hurry'd on by his amorous inclinations. Whenever he lov'd a lady he was too warm in the pursuit of her favours, and tho' naturally an honest man, he made no scruple of violating the most sacred laws to accomplish his desires. Considering then that it was impossible for him to gain his end without the assistance of Madam Marcella, he resolv'd to leave no means unattempted to engage her in his interest. He concluded that this Duenne, how severe soever she appear'd, was not proof against a considerable present; and indeed his opinion was not unjust, for if there are any such things as

trusty governantes, the only reason is that the gallants are not rich enough to make sufficient presents.

Madam Marcella was no sooner arriv'd, but finding those she wish'd for there, she open'd in a very outrageous manner, loading the Count and la Chiccona with a million of hard names, and made the restitution-sum fly at the head of the valet de chambre. The Count attempted to appease this storm with patience, and throwing himself at the Duenna's feet to render the scene more moving, he press'd her to take the purse again, and offer'd her a thousand pistoles besides, conjuring her to have pity on him. As her compassion had never been so powerfully solicited, so she did not prove inexorable. She soon quitted her invectives, and comparing the offer'd sum with the mean recompence she expected from Don Lewis, she easily found that it was more for her interest to draw Leonora from her duty, than preserve her in it; which engag'd her, after a few complimentary refusals, to take up the purse again, accept the offer of the thousand

pistoles, promise to be subservient to the count's passion, and immediately prepare for a performance of her promise.

Knowing Leonora to be a virtuous young lady, she very carefully avoided giving her the least suspicion of her correspondence with the count, for fear she should discover it to Don Lewis, her father; and being resolv'd on more subtle measures to ruin her, she thus address'd herself at her return: Leonora, I have just now satisfy'd my enrag'd mind, I found the three villanous deceivers confounded at our courageous retreat. I threaten'd la Chicona with your father's resentment, and the most rigorous severity of the law; I call'd the count de Belflor all the ill names which rage could suggest, and hope that Lord will no more be guilty of any such attempts, and that his intrigues will no more exercise my vigilance. I thank heav'n that by your resolution you have escap'd the net which was spread for you. I weep for joy, I am ravish'd to think he has not been able to gain any advantage over you by his stratagem; for great lords make it their

diversion to seduce young ladies. Most of those who value themselves on preserving the strictest degree of probity are not scrupulous on this head, as tho' the dishonouring of families was no ill act. I don't absolutely say that the count is a man of this character, nor that he aims at deceiving you; we must not always judge ill of our neighbours, perhaps his designs are honourable: tho' his quality entitles him to the best match at court, your beauty may yet have made him resolve to marry you: I remember also, in the answers he made to the hard words I gave him, he hinted it to me. What do you say, good governante? interrupted Leonora; if he had any such intention, he would before now have ask'd me of my father, who would never have deny'd a man of his quality.

What you say is very just, reply'd the duenna, I am of your mind; the course which the count took is suspicious, or rather his intentions were ill: I am almost in the mind to return to him, and scold at him afresh. No, good madam, reply'd Leonora, 'tis better to forget what is past,

and revenge it by contempt. 'Tis true, said Marcella, I think that is the best way ; you are wiser than I. But on the other side, let us not judge amiss of the count's sentiments : how do we know but he took that course, as the most refin'd way of discovering his passion ? before obtaining your father's consent, perhaps he was fond of obtaining your favour, and securing your heart by long services, that your union might thereby be render'd more charming. If so, my daughter, would it be a great crime to hearken to him ? unbosom yourself, you know my tender affection for you ; are you sensible of any alteration in favour of the count ? or would you, if it was put to you, refuse to marry him !

At this malicious question the too sincere Leonora cast down her eyes, and blushing own'd that she had no aversion for him ; but modesty preventing her farther discovering herself, the duenna press'd her afresh to hide nothing from her : she, overpower'd by the gover-nante's tender professions, went on : Good Marcella, said she, since you would have

me talk to you as my confident, know that I think Belflor deserves to be lov'd: I lik'd his mien so well, and withal have heard such an advantageous character of him, that I could not help being touch'd with his addresses. The indefatigable care which you always took to oppose them hath frequently given me great uneasiness, and I own that I have silently deplor'd, and in some measure repaid with my tears, the pains your vigilance has forc'd him to bear. I will farther own to you at this very moment, that instead of hating him after this rash attempt, my heart against my will excuses him, and throws the fault on your severity. Daughter, reply'd the governante, since you give me leave to believe his addresses will be agreeable to you, I will manage this lover for you. I am very sensible, answer'd Leonora in a more moving tone, of the service you are willing to render me: if the count was not one of the grandees of the first rank at court, was he only a bare gentleman, I should prefer him to all men; but let us not flatter ourselves, Belflor is a great Lord, and

doubtless is design'd for one of the richest heiresses in the kingdom. Don't let us expect that he will ever descend to Don Lewis's daughter, who has-but a mean fortune to offer him : no, no, adds she he has no such favourable thoughts of me ; he does not think me worth bearing his name, and pursues me only to dishonour me.

Ah wherefore, said the duenna, will you think he does not love you well enough to marry you ? love daily works greater miracles than that. You seem to imagine that heav'n hath set an infinite distance betwixt the count and you ; do yourself more justice, Leonora ; it would not be below him to join his fortune to yours ; you are of an ancient noble family, and your alliance could never put him to the blush. Since you have some inclinations towards him, continu'd she, I must talk with him : I will examine his intentions ; and if I find them such as they ought to be, I will encourage them with some hopes. Be very careful, reply'd Leonora ; I am of opinion you ought not to go in search of him ; if he suspects my having

any hand in it, he will cease to value me. Oh I am a woman of no-re address than you imagine, reply'd Marcella; I will begin with accusing him of a design to seduce you, upon which he will not fail to justify himself; I will hear him, and shall see the event. In short, my daughter, leave it to me, I'll manage your honour as cautiously as if it were my own.

The duenna took her vail, and went out at the beginning of the night: she found Belfior near Don Lewis's house, and gave him an account of her discourse with her mistress, not forgetting to value herself on her conduct in the discovery of the lady's passion for him. Nothing could oblige the count more than this news, wherefore he express'd his thanks to Marcella in the most sensible manner; that is, he promis'd to give her the thousand pistoles on the next day, assuring himself of the success of his enterprize; very well knowing, that a woman prepossess'd is half seduc'd. They then parted very well satisfied with each other, the duenna returning home.

Leonora, who impatiently expected

her, ask'd what news she had brought: the best that you could ever hear, answer'd the governante, all things succeed the best in the world. I have seen the count; I can tell you that his intentions are not ill, he has no other design but that of marrying you. This he swore to me by all that is sacred amongst men. You may, perhaps, imagine that I yielded to him upon this, but I assure you I did not. If you are thus resolved, said I, why don't you make the usual applications to Don Lewis? Ah, dear Marcella, answer'd he, without appearing disturbed at this question, could you think it proper for me to obtain her father's good will, before I was assured how she stood inclined towards me? I love her too well to expose her to such a tyranny; her ease is dearer to me than my own desires, and I had rather condemn my passion to a perpetual silence, than render her unhappy in the discovery of it.

During these expressions of his, continu'd the duenna, I observ'd him with the utmost attention, and employ'd all my experience in discovering by his eyes

whether his love was so sincere as he represented it. He seem'd touch'd with a real passion, and I with a joy which without much difficulty I could not conceal. Being then satisfied of his sincerity, I thought it not improper to glance at your sentiments with regard to him, in order to secure you such a considerable lover. My Lord, said I to him, Leonora hath no aversion to you; and, as far as I can judge, your addresses are not insupportable to her. Great God, exclaim'd he, then all in rapture, what do I hear! is it possible that the charming Leonora should entertain any favourable thoughts of me: how much am I indebted to you, most obliging Marcella, for having rid me of such a tedious uncertainty? you, who by a continual opposition have loaded me with so many torments. But, dear Marcella, compleat my bliss, by obliging me with an opportunity of speaking with the divine Leonora; I solemnly promise and swear before you, that I will never be any others but hers. To this, pursu'd the governante, he added yet more moving asseverations; in short, daughter, he en-

treated me in such a pressing manner to procure him a private opportunity of speaking to you, that I could not avoid promising to accomplish it. Ah, why did you promise him that? reply'd Leonora somewhat disturb'd. With how much care have you inculcated this doctrine into me, that a prudent virgin ought industriously to shun all dangerous conversations? I agree to what you say, reply'd the duenna, and it is a very good maxim; but you may lawfully dispense with it on this occasion, since you may look on the count as your husband. He is not so yet, reply'd Leonora, and I ought not to see him before my father allows of his suit.

Madam Marcella now began to repent the good education she had bestow'd on the young lady, since she found it so difficult to subdue her virtue. But yet resolv'd to compass her end, cost what it would; my dear Leonora, said she, I applaud myself, when I see you so reserv'd. Oh happy fruit of my cares! you have profited by all the rules I have given you. I am charm'd with my own work! but, my daughter, you exaggerate what I

have taught, you strain my morals too severely, and your virtue is indeed a little too rude. Tho' I am fond of a strict severity, yet I cannot approve of a brutish ill-manner'd caution, indistinguishably and indifferently levell'd against guilt and innocence. A virgin doth not abandon her virtue, by affording her ear to a lover, of the purity of whose desires she is satisfy'd; in which case it is no more criminal to answer his passion, than it is to be sensible of it. Depend upon me, Leonora, I have too much experience, and am too deeply engag'd in your interests, to draw you into any measures prejudicial to you.

Alas! where would you have me speak with the count? said Leonora. In your own apartment, reply'd the duenna, for that is the safest place; I will introduce him to-morrow night. Good Marcella, reply'd Leonora, shall I then admit a man—Yes, you shall admit him, interrupted the duenna; 'tis no such extraordinary thing as you imagine, 'tis done every day, and I send up my wishes to heaven that the maidens who receive such visits.

may be fortify'd with as good intentions as yours! Besides, what have you to fear? Shall not I be with you? If my father should surprize us? reply'd Leonora. Never disturb yourself in the least about that, return'd Marcella; your father is perfectly satisfy'd in your conduct, knows my fidelity, and repofes an entire confidence in me. Upon this Leonora, being fo violently push'd on by the duenna, and inwardly prefs'd by her love, was no longer able to hold out, but yielded to Marcella's propofal.

The count was immediately inform'd of it, and fo joyfully receiv'd the news, that he instantly prefented his female agent with five hundred piftoles and a ring of the like value: and ſhe accordingly, finding him ſuch a ſtrict obſerver of his word, reſolv'd not to fail in the performance of her promiſe. So that next night, as ſoon as ſhe imagin'd the family aſleep, ſhe faſten'd to the balcony a ſilken ladder which the count had given her, and by that means introduced the impatient lover into his miſtreſs's apartment.

In the mean while the young lady was .

wholly taken up with a series of melancholy reflections, which very much disturbed her. Notwithstanding her inclination for the count, and whatever her governante could say, she blamed her easy consent to a visit that would violate her duty. To receive a man into her chamber at night, whose real sentiments she was ignorant of, and withal without her father's knowledge, seemed to her not only criminal, but also what might render her contemptible in her lover's eyes. 'Twas this last reflection which most tormented her, and she was extremely full of it when the count entered.

He immediately fell on his knees, to thank her for the favour she did him. He appeared thoroughly touched with love and acknowledgment, and assured her of his intentions to marry her; but not expressing himself so satisfactory on that head as she desired: Count, said she, I am willing to believe that you have no other design than what you have told me; but whatever assurances you can give me, I shall always suspect them 'till they are

authorized and confirmed by my father's consent. Madam, answer'd Belflor, I had long since ask'd that, if I had not feared the obtaining it at the expence of your repose. I don't blame you for having not yet done it, reply'd Leonora, but even approve these more refin'd punctilio's of your love; but nothing at present hinders you, and you must speak to my father as soon as possible, or resolve never to see me more.

Ah! why never see you more, charming Leonora! reply'd the count. How little sensible are you of the pleasures of love! If you knew what it was to love, as well as I, you would be pleas'd with my disclosing my pains in secret, and at least conceal them for some time from your father's knowledge. Oh how great are the charms of such a private correspondence betwixt two hearts firmly united! They may prove so to you, said Leonora, but they can be no other than torments to me. Such subtle distinctions of tenderness very ill become a virtuous maiden: boast therefore no more of the delights of a guilty commerce, which if you valued me

you would not have offered ; and if your intentions are really such as you would persuade me they are, you ought from the bottom of your soul to blame my hearing such offers so patiently. But alas, adds she, letting fall some tears, 'tis to my weakness alone that this crime ought to be imputed ; I have indeed deserved it, by doing what I have done for you.

Adorable Leonora, cry'd the count, you wrong me extremely ; your too scrupulous virtue takes false alarms. Why should you fear, because I have been so happy as to prevail on you to favour my love, that I should cease to value you ? How unjust is this ? No, madam, I am sensible of the full value of your favours ; they can never deprive you of my esteem ; I am therefore ready to do what you exact of me, and will speak to signior Don Lewis to-morrow. I will use my utmost endeavour to obtain his consent to my happiness ; but I must not omit telling you, that I see but small hopes of it. How ! reply'd Leonora, can my father possibly refuse his consent to a man of your quality and character at court ? 'Tis

that very character and quality which makes me fear a denial. You are surprized at what I say ; but will cease to be so, when I acquaint you that some days past the king declared he was resolved to marry me. He hath not yet named the lady he designs me for, but has only given me to understand that she is one of the best matches at court, and that he is firmly bent upon it. Not knowing at that time what sentiments you might have with regard to me, (for you very well know that your rigorous severity never before allowed me an opportunity of discovering myself) I did not shew any averseness to obey his will. After this, judge, madam, whether Don Lewis would run the risque of the king's displeasure, by accepting me for his son-in-law.

No, doubtless, said Leonora ; I know my father, how great soever the advantages of your alliance might prove, would chuse rather to renounce it, than expose himself to the king's displeasure. But if my father should not oppose our union, we should not yet be the happier ; for in short, Count, how can you give me

a hand which the king has engaged elsewhere? Madam, answer'd Belflor, I own sincerely that I at present labour under a very great difficulty on that side; but yet hope, that by an even and very prudent conduct with regard to his majesty, I shall so well manage his favours and friendship for me, as to invent a way to avoid a misfortune with which I am so unexpectedly threaten'd. You yourself, beautiful Leonora, may assist me herein, if you think me worth joining to you. Ah! in what manner, said she, can I contribute to the breaking off the match which the king has propos'd to you? Ah, madam, replied he with a passionate air, if you please to receive my troth, which I offer to plight to you, I can preserve myself for you, without incurring the king's displeasure. Permit, adorable Leonora, adds he kneeling, that I espouse you in the presence of Madam Marcella, and let her be witness of the sanctity of our engagement; by this means I shall easily escape those miserable knots with which the world would ensnare me: for after that, when ever the king presses me to ac-

cept the lady he designs me, I have nothing to do but prostrate myself at the feet of my prince, and inform him that I have long lov'd and secretly married you. However desirous he may be to marry me to another, he is yet too gracious to snatch me from her whom I adore, and too just to offer this affront to your family. What do you think, discreet Marcella, adds he, turning to the governante, what's your opinion of this project with which love has this minute inspir'd me? I am charm'd with it, said the duenna; it must indeed be own'd that love is very ingenious! And you, charming Leonora, reply'd the count, what do you say to it? Can your heart, tho' arm'd with distrust, refuse its approbation? No, return'd Leonora, provided you will admit my father into the secret, who, I doubt not, will subscribe to what you will have him.

We ought to be very careful how we intrust this affair with him, here interrupted the duenna: you don't know Don Lewis; he is too nice in punctilio's of honour to be assisting to secret a-

mours: the very proposal of a private marriage will offend him. Besides, his prudence will not fail to make him afraid of the consequences of an union which seems to shock the king's designs. By this indiscreet step you will fill him with suspicions, his eyes will be continually upon you in all your actions, and he will deprive you of all opportunities. Ah! I shall then die with grief, cried our courtier. But madam Marcella, pursu'd he, affecting a melancholy tone, do you really believe that Don Lewis will reject the offer of a private marriage? I don't doubt it in the least, answer'd the govername; but grant that he should accept it, he is so scrupulously religious that he would never yield to the omission of any of the ceremonies of the church, and if they are all performed in your marriage it will soon be publish'd.

Ah my dear Leonora, then said the count, tenderly looking his mistress's hand betwixt his own, must we, to satisfy a vain notion of decorum, expose ourselves to the terrible danger of being separated for ever? the consent of a fa-

ther would perhaps spare you some uneasy thoughts; but since madam Marcella has shew'd us the impossibility of obtaining it, yield yourself to my innocent desires; receive my heart and hand, and when it shall be a proper time to inform Don Lewis of our engagement, we will acquaint him also why we conceal'd it. Well, count, said Leonora, I consent then that you do not so soon speak to my father; but first sound the king's mind. Before I receive your hand in private, speak to your prince, tell him you have privately marry'd me; let's endeavour by this false confidence——Oh no, madam, reply'd Belslor, I am too great a hater of a lie, to dare to maintain this feint; I cannot thus dissemble. Besides, I know the king, if he should once discover I had deceiv'd him, he would never pardon me so long as he liv'd.

I should never have done, signior Cleofas, continu'd the devil, if I should repeat verbatim all the expressions which Belslor made use of to seduce this young lady. Wherefore I shall only tell you that he employ'd all the passionate lan-

guage which I suggest to men on the like occasions: but he had scarce sworn that he would as soon as possible quickly confirm the promise which he had made in secret. He had scarce call'd heav'n to witness his oaths, but he found he could not triumph over Leonora's virtue, and that the day being ready to appear forc'd him against his will to depart.

The next day the duenna, believing her honour, or rather her interest engaged not to abandon her enterprize, said to Don Lewis's daughter; Leonora, I don't know what to say further to you; I find you oppose the count's passion, as tho' it had no other aim but that of a bare gallantry: have you not observ'd something in his person that disgusts you? no, good Marcella, answer'd Leonora; on the contrary, he never appear'd so amiable, and his discourse discover'd new charms to me. If so, reply'd the gover-nante, I don't comprehend you: you are prepossess'd with a violent inclination for him, and yet refuse to yield to a thing, the necessity of which has already been represented to you. My good madam,

reply'd Don Lewis's daughter, you have more prudence and experience than I, but have you consider'd thoroughly the consequences which may result from a marriage contracted without my father's knowledge? yes, yes, answer'd the duenna, I have made all necessary reflection on that, and am very sorry to see you so obstinately resist the glorious settlement which his fortune presents you. Have a care your obduracy does not weary and disgust your lover, and be afraid lest he should cast his eyes on the interest of his fortune, which the violence of his passion has made him neglect. Since he offers to give you his faith, accept it without farther deliberation. His word binds him; than which nothing is more sacred to a man of honour. Besides, I am a witness that he acknowledges you for his wife. Don't you know that such important evidence as mine, is sufficient to condemn, in a court of justice, that lover which should dare to perjure himself?

It was by such language as this that the perfidious Marcella shock'd Leonora, who suffering all reflections of the dan-

ger that threaten'd her to wear off, in all simplicity a few days after abandon'd herself to the count's wicked intentions.

The duenna introduc'd him every night by the balcony into his mistress's apartment, and let him out before day. One night having warn'd him to depart somewhat latter than ordinary, and Aurora beginning to break through the darkness, he hastily endeavour'd to slide into the street, but by mischance succeeded so ill that he got a very severe fall. Don Lewis de Cespides, whose bed-chamber was under that of his daughter, happening that morning to rise very early for the dispatch of some pressing affairs, heard the count's fall, and opening his window to see what was the occasion of the noise, perceived a man just risen from the ground with great difficulty, and Marcella in his daughter's balcony; she having drawn up the silken ladder, which the count had not made so much use of in his descending as in his ascent. Don Lewis rubb'd his eyes, and at first took this spectacle for an illusion; but after having consider'd it, concluded that no

thing was more real, and that the daylight, imperfect as it yet was, did but too much discover his disgrace. Confus'd at the fatal sight, and transported by a just rage, he flew in his night-gown to Leonora's apartment, with a sword in one hand, and a taper in the other. He went in quest of her and her governante, in order to sacrifice them both to his resentment. He knock'd at their chamber-door, and commanded them to open it; they knew his voice, and trembling, obey'd. He enter'd with a furious air, and discovering his naked sword to their amaz'd eyes; I come, said he, to wash away with her blood the infamous affront that wretch has thrown upon her father, and at the same time punish the villainous governante that has betray'd the trust I repos'd in her.

They both fell upon their knees, and the duenna began; Signior, said she, before we receive the chastisement which you have prepar'd, vouchsafe to hear us one moment. Well, wretch, reply'd the old gentleman, I consent to suspend my vengeance for a minute: speak, inform

me of all the circumstances of my misfortune. But what do I talk of all the circumstances? I know them all but one, and that is the name of that rash man, who has dishonour'd my family. Signior, reply'd Madam Marcella, the count de Belflor is the gentleman that hath done it. The count de Belflor! said Don Lewis; where has he seen my daughter? by what means has he seduc'd her? conceal nothing from me. Signior, reply'd the governante, I will relate the whole story to you with all the sincerity I am capable of.

She then, with an infinite deal of art, recited all the expressions which she had made Leonora believe the count had utter'd with regard to her: she painted him in the most lively colours of a tender, scrupulous, and sincere lover. But not being able to elude the discovery of the whole truth, she was oblig'd to tell it; but enlarg'd on the reasons that prevail'd with them to conceal from him the secret marriage, and gave them such an acceptable turn, as appeas'd Don Lewis's rage. Which she perfectly discerning, in order

to compleatly soften the old man, superior, said she, this is what you desir'd to know: punish us this minute; plunge your sword in Leonora's breast. But what do I say? Leonora is innocent; she has only follow'd the counsels of a woman whom you intrusted with her conduct, wherefore 'tis me alone against whom your sword should point. 'Tis I that have introduc'd the count into your daughter's apartment, and I alone have ty'd the knot wherewith she is bound. 'Tis I who have wink'd at all irregularities in a contract that was not back'd by your authority, in order to secure you a son-in-law whose interest you know is the channel thro' which all court favours at present pass. I had no other aim than Leonora's happiness, and the advantage your family may reap by such an important alliance; and indeed nothing less than an excess of zeal to serve your house cou'd draw me into measures, that carry with them such an appearance of treachery.

While the subtle Marcella was thus cajoling the old gentleman, her mistress

spar'd no tears, but discover'd such a sensible grief as he could not resist. He grew tender, his rage turn'd into compassion, he dropt his sword, and quitting the air of an angry father ; Ah my daughter ! said he with tears in his eyes, what a fatal passion is love ! alas, you are not sensible of all the reasons you have to afflict yourself. The shame alone that must result from the presence of a father who has surpriz'd you, must unavoidably draw tears from you ; besides which, you don't yet foresee all the anxieties your lover may perhaps prepare for you. And you, imprudent Marcella, to what a precipice has your indiscreet zeal for my family brought you ! I acknowledge that such a considerable alliance as that of the count might dazzle your eyes, and it is that alone which excuses you to me : but, wretch that you are, ought you not to have distrusted a lover of his high quality ! the more interest and favour he can pretend to, the more you ought to have guarded yourself against him. Should he make no scruple of breaking his faith with Leonora, what course can I take ?

If I implore the assistance of the laws, a person of his character would easily be able to shelter himself from their severity: and I wish that, continuing just to his oaths, he prove willing to keep his word with my daughter; for if the king, as you say, designs to oblige him to marry another lady, 'tis much to be fear'd his majesty will force him to it by virtue of his prerogative.

O Sir, interrupted Leonora, that ought not to alarm you; the count has very well assur'd us, that the king will not commit such a violence on his passion. I am persuaded, said Marcella, his majesty is too fond of his favourite to exercise such a tyranny over him, and also that he is too generous to plunge into a fatal grief Don Lewis de Cespides, who has spent all his best days in the service of the public. Pray heav'n it prove so, reply'd the old gentleman weeping, and that my fears prove vain! I will go to the count, and desire him to explain this affair. A father's eyes are piercing, and I shall discover the deepest recesses of his soul. If I find him in the disposition which

I wish, I will pardon what is past ; but, adds he in a more resolute tone, if by his discourse I discover a perfidious heart, you shall both with tears bewail your imprudence in a melancholy retirement the remainder of your days. At these words he took up his sword, and leaving them to the frightful thoughts he had rais'd in them, return'd to his apartment to dress.

Signior Asmodeo, said Don Cleofas in this place, before you relate the sequel of this story, tell me, I beseech you, what is doing in that apartment hung with musk-colour'd cloth ? I see five or six women crouding and pressing one another to thrust glass bottles into the hands of a sort of servant. That is somewhat worth your observation, answer'd the devil. In that apartment an inquisitor lyes sick ; he is lodg'd in the chamber where you see two women watching with him ; they are two of his penitents ; one is employ'd in making broths for him, and the other at his boulder is keeping his head warm. Pray what is his distemper ? said the scholar. A little cold in his head, reply'd the

daemon; and 'tis to be fear'd the rheum may fall on his breast. The other women whom you see in his anti-chamber are also devout ladies, who, on the news of his indisposition, run thither in all haste with their medicines. One of them has brought him for his cough syrups of jujubes, marshmallows, coral, and coltsfoot; another, to preserve his reverence's lungs, is laden with syrups of long-life, veronica, immortality, and elixir proprietatis; another, to fortify his brain and stomach, has brought baum, cinamon, and treacle-water, besides the divine water, and essences of nutmegs and ambergrise; this comes to offer him anacardine and bezoartick confectiions; and that, tinctures of clove-july-flowers, coral, mille-florum, the sun, and emeralds. All these women are boasting the efficacy of their remedies to the inquisitor's footman; they take him aside one after another, and each of them clapping a ducat in his hand, thus whispers him in the ear: Lawrence, dear Lawrence, I entreat you not to fail preferring my medicines to all the rest. This is what you desir'd, con-

tinu'd the devil, and I will now continue the thread of my story.

C H A P. V.

The continuation and conclusion of the history of the Count and Leonora.

DON Lewis went early to the count, who not suspecting he was discover'd, was surpriz'd with this visit. He stept forward to meet him at his entrance, and after having tir'd him with embraces, how great is my joy, said he, to see Don Lewis here ! doth he come to offer me any opportunity of serving him ? my lord, answer'd Don Lewis, order, if you please, that we be alone ; which Belflor accordingly did, and they both sat down, when the old man thus began : my lord, said he, my honour and repose require an explanation, which I come to ask of you : I saw you this morning go out of Leonora's apartment ; she has confess'd all, she has told me — She has told you that I love her, interrupted the count, to avoid a discourse which he was not fond of hearing : but she has but feebly

expres'd all that I feel for her. I am enchanted; she is a lady all over adorable; she has wit, beauty, virtue; no perfection is wanting. I have been told that you have a son at the university of Alcalá; is he like his sister? if he hath her beauty, and resemble you in other excellencies, he must be a compleat gentleman. I die with desire to see him, and offer you all my interest to serve him.

I am indebted to you for that offer, said Don Lewis gravely; but to come to—He ought to be enter'd in the service immediately, interrupted the count again; I charge myself with the care of his fortune; I assure you that he shall not wait amongst the croud of officers. Answer me, count, reply'd the old gentleman hastily, and leave off your interruption. Do you design to keep your promise—Yes, without doubt, interrupted Belflor the third time; I will keep my word which I have given you to stand by your son with all my interest; depend upon me, I am a sincere man, 'Tis too much, cry'd Cespides, rising up, after having seduc'd my daughter, that you

dare insult me; but know, I am a gentleman, and the injury you have done me shall not remain unpunish'd. At these words he return'd home with a heart full of resentment, contriving a hundred projects to compass his revenge.

He told Leonora and Marcella very angrily, it was not without ground that I suspected the count; he is a traitor, on whom I will be reveng'd: and as for you two, you shall to-morrow be enter'd in a convent; you have nothing to do but prepare yourselves, and thank heav'n my rage contents itself with that chastisement. He then went and lock'd himself up in his closet, to deliberate what course to take in such a nice conjuncture.

How great was Leonora's grief when she heard Belflor was perfidious! she remain'd some time without motion; a mortal paleness cover'd her face, her spirits fled, and motionless she fell into the arms of her governante; who fearing she would then die, us'd all her endeavours to get her out of this fit: they succeeded, and Leonora resuming the use of her senses, and seeing her governante very

officially helping her, how barbarous are you ! said she with a deep sigh ; why did you force me out of the happy state in which I was ? I was not then sensible of the horror of my fate. Why did you not let me die ? you, who well know all the tormenting griefs which must disturb the repose of my life, wherefore did you keep me alive ?

Marcella endeavour'd to comfort her ; but that only encreas'd her torment. All your talk is superfluous, cry'd Don Lewis's daughter ; I will hear nothing. Don't lose your time in attempting to abate my despair, you ought rather to raise it. You, who have plung'd me into the abyss of misery in which I now am ; 'tis you who vouch'd for the count's sincerity ; without you I had never yielded myself to my inclinations for him, which I should insensibly have conquer'd, or however at least he would never have been able to have gain'd the least advantage over me. But I will not, continu'd she, charge my misery on you, I accuse no body but myself. I ought not to have follow'd your advice in the acceptance

of a man's faith, without consulting my father. How dazzling soever the count's address might appear to me, I ought to have despis'd rather than complimented it at the expence of my honour: in short, I ought to have distrust'd him, you and myself. Since I have been so weak as to yield to his perfidious oaths, after the affliction which I have brought to Don Lewis, and the dishonour I have done my family, I hate myself; and am so far from fearing the retirement with which I am threaten'd, that I am fond of hiding my shame in the most dismal retreat in the world. These passionate words were not only accompany'd with abundance of tears, but she withal tore her cloaths in pieces, and reveng'd the injustice of her lover on her beautiful hair.

The duenna, to suit herself to her mistress's grief, did not spare for grimaces and distorted faces. She dropp'd some of those tears she had always at command; she imprecated a thousand curses on mankind in general, and the count in particular. Is it possible, exclaim'd she, that Belfor, who seem'd so full of justice and

probity, should prove such a villain as to deceive us both ! I cannot extricate myself out of this surprize, or rather, I cannot yet persuade myself that it is so.

When I fancy him at my knees, said Leonora, what maiden would not have trusted his tender engaging air, and depended on those oaths which he so audaciously invoc'd heaven to witness, and those transports which he incessantly repeated ? besides, his eyes discover'd more love than his mouth express'd, and the very sight of me seem'd to charm him. No, he did not deceive me ; I can't think it. My father must not have talk'd with him so discreetly as he ought ; they both grew warm, and the count answer'd less like a lover than a great lord. But alas perhaps I flatter myself ! what shall I do to extricate myself out of this uncertainty. I will write to Belflor, and tell him that I expect him here this night : I desire he wou'd either secure my alarm'd heart, or confirm his treachery. Marcella applauded the design, and was not herself without hope that the count, ambitious as he was, yet touch'd by Leono-

ra's tears, might fall from his resolution in this interview, and determine to marry her.

In the mean while, Belfor, having rid himself of honest Don Lewis, continu'd in his apartment, reflecting on the consequences which might result from the reception he had just given him. He firmly concluded that the whole family of the Cespides, enrag'd at the injury done to their house, would study revenge; but that did not much disturb him: the interest of his love much more employ'd his thoughts. He imagin'd that Leonora would be put into a convent, or at least that she would be kept so strictly watch'd, that in all probability he should never see her more. This thought afflicted him, and his mind was wholly taken up with the search after some way to escape this misfortune, when his valet de chambre brought him a letter which Marcella had just put into his hands. It was a billet from Leonora, the contents whereof run thus: 'I am to-morrow to quit the world, and in a solitary retirement have the horror of seeing myself dishonour'd,

‘ odious to my family and myself ; this is
‘ the deplorable condition to which I am
‘ reduc’d by believing you. I expect you
‘ once more this night. In my despair I
‘ hunt after new torments : come and
‘ own to me that your heart had no part
‘ in any of the oaths which your mouth
‘ swore to me, or justify their sincerity
‘ by a conduct which alone can soften the
‘ rigour of my fate. Perhaps this meet-
‘ ing may be attended with some danger,
‘ after what has pass’d betwixt you and
‘ my father ; take care therefore that you
‘ be accompany’d by a friend. Tho’ you
‘ have occasion’d all the miseries of my
‘ life, I yet feel myself concern’d for
‘ yours.’

The count read this letter twice or thrice over, and representing Leonora in the condition which she describ’d, he melted into compassion. He seriously reflected on what he had done ; justice, probity and honour, all the laws which his passion had hurried him on to the violation of, began to resume their empire over him. He suddenly found his blindness dissipated, and like a man just got

out of a violent fever, blush'd at the extravagant words and actions which had escap'd him; he was asham'd of all the base artifices he had us'd to satisfy his desires. Wretch that I am, cry'd he, what have I done? what devil possess'd me? I promis'd to marry Leonora; I call'd heav'n to witness it; I feign'd that the king propos'd a match to me; I have made use of lies, perfidiousness and sacrilege to corrupt her innocence; what madness has seiz'd me? how much better had it become me to have suppress'd my passion, instead of satisfying it in so criminal a manner? I have seduced an innocent lady, and now abandon her to the resentments of her relations, whom I have equally dishonour'd, and so return the happiness she has confer'd on me with a load of miseries. Ah, how barbarous is such ingratitude! ought I not rather to repair the disgrace and infamy I have done her? yes, I ought; and I will, by marrying her, discharge the promise I made her. Who is there can oppose so just an intention? ought her tenderness to me prejudice me against her virtue?

No : I know how much her resistance cost me to conquer it ; and she rather yielded to my sworn faith, than my amorous transports. — But on the other side, if I confine myself to this choice I shall be a considerable sufferer. I, who may pretend to the noblest and richest heiresses in the kingdom, shall I content myself with a private gentleman's daughter of a moderate fortune ? what will the court think of me ? they will say I have marry'd very ridiculously.

Belflor thus divided betwixt love and ambition, did not know to which to incline : but tho' he was not yet resolv'd whether he should marry Leonora or not, he yet determin'd to go to her that evening.

Don Lewis, on the other side, pass'd the day in contriving the restoration of his honour. The conjuncture was very nice ; to have recourse to the laws was to publish his dishonour ; besides, he very much fear'd that justice might be on one side, and the judges declare on the other. He durst not throw himself at the king's feet ; for believing that prince de-

sign'd to marry the count, he was afraid it would be in vain. No satisfaction was then left besides that of arms, and it was this he concluded on. In the heat of his resentment he was tempted to send a challenge; but beginning to consider that he was too old and feeble to rely on his own arm, he chose rather to put it into the hands of his son, whose pushes might prove more fortunate and successful. He then sent a footman to Alcala, with a letter for his son; by which he commanded him to come immediately to Madrid, to revenge an injury done to the family of the Cespides.

Don Pedro, his son, was eighteen years of age, perfectly handsome, and so brave, that he pass'd at Alcala for the most valiant of all the scholars in that university; but you know him, adds the devil, and therefore 'tis needless in me to enlarge farther on his character. It is true, said Cleofas, he has all the valour and merit which is possible to centre in such a young man. He was not then at Alcala, as his father suppos'd, reply'd Asmodeo; but the desire of seeing a lady which he lov'd

had brought him to Madrid. The last time he had been there to see his relations, he made this conquest. He did not yet know her name; for she had oblig'd him not to use any means to inform himself; to which cruel necessity he submitted, tho' with great difficulty. It was a woman of quality, who had conceiv'd a passion for him, and believing she ought to distrust the discretion and constancy of a scholar, she thought fit to try him before she discover'd herself. This unknown fair took up more of his thoughts than Aristotle's philosophy; and Alcala being situate so near this city, he, as you have done, often plaid truant; with this only difference, that it was for the sake of an object which deserv'd much better than your Donna Thomasa. To conceal the knowledge of his amorous journey from Don Lewis, his father, he us'd to lodge at an inn in the suburbs, where he carefully shelter'd himself under a borrow'd name. He never went out but at a certain hour in the morning, when he was oblig'd to go to a house where the lady, which occasion'd this neglect of his studies, was

so kind as to come, accompany'd by a chamber-maid. He then liv'd lock'd up in his inn the rest of the day ; but in requital, at night he walk'd all over the city.

It happen'd one night as he cross'd a by-street, he heard the sound of several voices and instruments which seem'd worth his attention ; whereupon he stopp'd, and found it to be a serenade given by a gentleman that was drunk, and naturally very brutishly rude. He had no sooner discern'd our scholar, but he immediately came to him, and without any other compliment ; friend, said he, in a hasty tone, go about your business, I don't love inquisitive people. I might have withdrawn, answer'd Don Pedro shock'd at these words, if you had desir'd me in a civiller manner ; but I will stay to teach you how to speak. We'll see then, said the master of the consort, drawing his sword, which of us two shall yield the place to the other. Don Pedro also pull'd out his sword, and they began to engage. Tho' the master of the serenade acquitted himself with great dexte-

rity, he could not yet parry a mortal thrust, upon the receipt of which he fell dead on the spot. All the actors of the consort, who had by this time quitted their music, and were drawing their swords to assist him, now came on to revenge his death. They all at once fell upon Don Pedro, who on this occasion shew'd his utmost skill; for besides parrying with a surprising dexterity all the passes made at him, he himself made very vigorous ones, and at once kept all his enemies employ'd. But they so obstinately persisting, and their number being too great, as able a fencer as he was, he could not have escap'd alive, if the count de Belflor, who then pass'd by, had not taken his part.

The count wanting neither courage nor a large share of generosity, could not see so many swords drawn upon one man, without engaging himself on his side. He drew, and joining with Don Pedro, he push'd so briskly at the serenaders that they all fled, some wounded, and others for fear of being so. After their retreat the scholar began to thank the count for

his assistance ; but Belflor interrupting him : no more of that, said he, are you not wounded ? no, reply'd Don Pedro. Let's get from this place, reply'd the count, I see you have kill'd a man ; 'tis dangerous to stay longer in this street ; you may perhaps be seiz'd. Upon which they immediately making the best of their way, got into another street ; and when they were advanc'd a good distance from the place where they fought, they stop-
ped.

Don Pedro, very sensibly influenced by just and grateful sentiments, entreated the count not to conceal from him the name of a gentleman to whom he was so much oblig'd. Belflor made no scruple of telling it, and also desir'd to know his. But the scholar, unwilling to discover himself, said his name was Don Juan de Matos, and assured the count that he would never forget what he had done for him. I would willingly, said the count, present you with an opportunity of discharging your obligation to me this very night. I am engaged to a meeting not wholly free from danger, and was going

in search of a friend to accompany me. I am sensible of your valour, and therefore, Don Juan, I desire your friendship. Your seeming to doubt it renders me somewhat uneasy, reply'd the scholar ; I don't know how to employ the life which you have saved, better than in exposing it for you. Let's make haste ; I am ready to follow you. Belflor then conducted Don Pedro to Don Lewis's house, and by the balcony they both enter'd Leonora's apartment.

Here Don Cleofas interrupted the devil ; signior Asmodeo, how was it possible Don Pedro should not know his father's house ? that was impossible, reply'd the daemon, for Don Lewis had not removed to this house above eight days ; which I designed to have told you, had not you interrupted me. You are too hasty, and have gotten an ill custom of breaking the thread of other peoples discourse. Pray correct that fault for the future.

Don Pedro, continu'd the devil, did not so much as suspect that he was at his father's house, nor thought she who introduc'd him was madam Marcella, by

reason she receiv'd him in the dark in an anti-chamber, where Belflor entreated his companion to stay as long as he should remain with the lady : to which the scholar consented, and sat down with his naked sword in his hand for fear of a surprise. His thoughts were taken up with the favours which he concluded love was showering on Belflor, and wish'd himself as happy as he ; for tho' he was not ill-treated by his unknown mistress, she had not yet all the tenderness for him which Leonora had for the count. Whilst he was making all the reflections on this adventure that could possibly occur to the mind of a passionate lover, he heard a person softly endeavouring to open another door besides that of the lovers, and discerned a glimmering light through the key-hole, he hastily arose, made towards the door that opened, and presented the point of his naked sword to the breast of his father, who was going to Leonora's apartment, to see whether the count was not there. The good old gentleman did not believe, after what had passed, that his daughter and Marcella would again

venture to admit him, which alone prevented his lodging them in another apartment. But yet he was apt to think, that before their entrance into the convent on the morrow, they might be willing to take their last leave. Whoever thou art, said the scholar, don't enter this room, on peril of thy life. At these words Don Lewis looked at Don Pedro, whose eyes were fixed on him with equal attention; so that they soon knew each other. Ah my son, said the old gentleman, with what impatience have I expected you! why did not you advertise me of your arrival? were you afraid of breaking my rest? alas! I am incapable of any repose in the miserable condition in which I at present am. Oh my father, said Don Pedro all in confusion, is it you that I see? are not my eyes deceived by a false apparition? whence proceeds this surprize? reply'd Don Lewis: are you not at your father's house? did I not acquaint you by my letter, that eight days since I remov'd hither? just heav'n, reply'd the scholar, what do I hear? I am then at present in my sister's apartment.

At these words, the count, who had heard the noise, and suppos'd that his guard was attack'd, came out of Leonora's chamber with his sword in his hand. The old gentleman, distracted at this sight, and shewing him to his son, cried out, that is the audacious villain which has robbed me of my rest, and cast a fatal stain upon the honour of our house ; let us then revenge ourselves, let us instantly punish the traitor. These words were no sooner out of his mouth than he drew the sword he had under his night-gown, and began to attack the count ; but Don Pedro restrain'd him. Stay, father, said he, I beg you to moderate the transports of your rage. What do you mean, my son ? answer'd the old man : why do you hold my arm ? you doubtless think 'tis too weak to revenge us. Well then, take satisfaction yourself for the affront given to our family, which is the only reason why I sent for you to Madrid. If you fall, I will second you : the count must perish by our hands, or take away both our lives, after having robb'd us of our honour.

Father, reply'd Don Pedro, I cannot yield to what your impatience expects of me. I am so very far from attempting the count's life, that I came hither to defend it; my word is pass'd for it, and my honour demands it. Let's then retire, my Lord, continu'd he, addressing himself to Belflor. Hah! base wretch, interrupted Don Lewis, looking on Don Pedro with a very angry air, dost thou thyself oppose the execution of a vengeance wherein all thy force ought to have been employ'd? My son, my own son, corresponds with the perfidious wretch that has seduc'd my daughter: But don't think to escape my resentment; I will call up all my domestics, who shall revenge me of your treachery and base cowardice. Sir, reply'd Don Pedro, be juster to your son, and don't call him coward, for he never deserved that hateful name. The count has sav'd my life this night. He propos'd my going with him, whither I did not know, but on a certain appointment: I offered to share the dangers he might encounter, without ever suspecting that my gratitude would imprudently engage my

arm against the honour of my family. My word then obliges me to defend his life here ; and in so doing I shall discharge it : not that I am less sensibly touch'd with the injury he has done our family ; and to-morrow you shall see me as eager to shed his blood, as you now see me zealous in the preservation of his life.

The count, who had hitherto remain'd silent, being throughly struck with the amazing circumstances of this adventure, now spoke. Perhaps, said he, addressing himself to Don Pedro, you may meet with but indifferent success, in revenging this injury by force of arms : I will offer you a surer way of re-establishing your honour. I freely own to you, that to this day I never design'd to marry Leonora ; but I this morning receiv'd a letter from her, wherewith I was sensibly touch'd ; her tears have just compleated the work, and the happiness of being her husband is at present the utmost of my desires. If the king designs you another wife, said Don Lewis, how will you dispence with——The King never propos'd any match to me, interrupted Belflor blush-

ing : pray pardon that fiction in a man,
whose reason was overpower'd by love.
'Tis a crime which the violence of my
passion hurry'd me on to commit, and
which I expiate by confessing it. My
lord, reply'd the old gentleman, after
an acknowledgment so suitable to a great
mind, I no longer doubt your sincerity :
I see you are resolv'd effectually to re-
pair the injury we have receiv'd, and my
anger yields to the assurances you have
given me ; permit me then to forget
my resentment in your arms. At these
words he ran to the count, who flew to
prevent him : they mutually embraced
several times ; and Belflor turning him-
self to Don Pedro, and you, you the
counterfeit Don Juan, said he, you who
have gain'd my esteem by an unparallel'd
valour and a noble mind, allow me to
vow a sincere fraternal friendship to you.
At these words he embraced Don Pedro,
who receiving his caresses with a sub-
missive and respectful air, thus answer'd
him : My lord, in promising me such a
valuable friendship, you engage mine,
and I entreat that you would always con-

clude me one who will continue devoted to you to the end of my life.

In the mean while Leonora, who was listening all the time at the chamber-door, did not lose one word of whatever they said. She was at first tempted to throw herself in the middle of the swords, without knowing why; but Marcella prevented her: and when that dextrous duenna perceiv'd all things likely to end so amicably, she concluded that her presence and that of her mistress would not prejudice the accommodation; whereupon they both appear'd with their handkerchiefs in their hands, and weeping ran to prostrate themselves at Don Lewis's feet. They fear'd, and not without reason, after their being surpriz'd last night, that the old gentleman's anger might return: but raising Leonora, he said, daughter, dry up your tears, I will not blame you any more; since your lover is resolv'd to keep the faith which he has sworn to you, I yield to forget what is past.

Yes, Don Lewis, said the count, I will marry Leonora; and yet better to repair

the injury I have done you, to give you an entire satisfaction, and your son a pledge of my friendship for him, I offer him my sister Eugenia. Ah, my lord, cry'd Don Lewis in a rapture, how sensible am I of the honour you do my son! What father was ever happier? You now shower as much joy on me, as before you loaded me with sorrow.

Tho' the old man was charm'd with the count's offer, yet Don Pedro was not: being wholly taken up with the thoughts of his unknown lady, he was so disturb'd and confus'd that he could not say one word. But Belflor, without regarding his trouble, departed; telling them he would order all the necessary preparations to be made for this double union, and assuring them that he was impatient 'till he was fix'd to them by these strict bonds.

After his departure Don Lewis left Leonora in her apartment, and went into his own with Don Pedro, who with all the frankness of a young scholar, said, Sir, I beg you would dispense with my marrying the count's sister: 'tis enough.

that he marry Leonora ; that will be sufficient to retrieve the honour of our family. What, son ! reply'd the old man ; can you refuse the count's sister ? Yes, father, reply'd Don Pedro ; that union, I own, would prove a cruel torment to me, the cause of which I will not conceal. I love, or rather adore a charming lady ; she admits me, and she alone can render my life happy. How miserable is the state of a father ! said Don Lewis ; he scarce ever finds his children dispos'd to what he desires. But who then is this lady that has made such violent impressions on you ? I don't yet know, answer'd Don Pedro ; she has promis'd to inform me, when she shall be fully satisfy'd of my discretion and constancy, nor do I doubt but she is one of the most considerable families at court. And do you fancy, reply'd the old man, changing his tone, that I will be so complaisant as to approve your romantic love ? shall I suffer you to quit the most glorious establishment that fortune can ever offer you, to keep you constant to a person of whom you don't know so

much as her name? Stiff rather these sentiments for an object, which perhaps may be unworthy of them, and think of nothing but deserving the honour which the count is doing you. All these discourses are in vain, father, reply'd the scholar; I feel it impossible for me ever to forget my unknown fair; nothing can disengage me from her: should the Infanta be offer'd me—Hold, cry'd the father hastily; 'tis too insolent to boast a constancy which raises my anger. Be gone, and never let me see you again, 'till you are resolv'd to obey me.

Don Pedro durst not reply to these words, for fear of drawing on something more severe. He retir'd to his chamber, where he pass'd the rest of the night in reflections equally melancholy and agreeable. He consider'd with grief that he was going to break with all his family, by refusing to marry the count's sister. But he was perfectly comforted when he represented to himself how his unknown lady must value him for such a sacrifice. He flatter'd himself, that after such a shining proof of his fidelity, she would

not fail to discover her quality, which he imagin'd little inferior to that of Eugenia. With these hopes, as soon as it was day, he went to take a walk on the Prado, expecting the appointed hour to go to the apartment of Donna Juana; for that was the name of the lady in whose lodgings he us'd to meet his mistress every morning. He waited the happy moment with great impatience, and when it was come, flew to the place of rendezvous.

He found his unknown charmer come thither sooner than ordinary; but touch'd with such a sensible grief, as express'd itself to Donna Juana in showers of tears. A dismal spectacle for her lover! All in confusion he approach'd her, and flinging himself at her knees, Madam, said he, what must I think of the condition in which I see you? Doubtless, answer'd she, you don't expect the fatal blow which I bring you. Cruel fortune is separating us for ever, and we are never to see each other more.

She accompany'd these words with so many sighs, that I don't know whether Don Pedro was more touch'd with what

she said, or the grief she discover'd in the utterance of it. Just Heav'n, cry'd he, with an excess of rage which he could not restrain, is it possible for you to suffer the breaking of an union, the innocence of which you know ! But, madam, adds he, perhaps you have taken a false alarm. Is it certainly true that you will be torn from the most faithful lover that ever was ? Must I really be the most miserable of all men ? Our ill fate is but too sure, answer'd the unknown fair. My brother, on whom I depend, will marry me this day, as he has just this minute declar'd to me. Ah ! who is that happy bridegroom ? very hastily reply'd Don Pedro ; name him to me, madam : I will, in my despair—I don't yet know his name, interrupted the lady ; my brother would not acquaint me with it. He told me that he desir'd I should first see the gentleman. But, madam, said Don Pedro, did you submit to a brother's will without resistance ? Did you suffer yourself to be dragg'd to the altar, without complaining on the cruelty of the sacrifice ? Did you make no attempts in my

favour? Alas, I was not afraid of exposing myself to my father's rage, to reserve myself entirely yours! His threats could not shock my fidelity; and with what rigour soever he may treat me, I will not marry the lady he proposes, tho' the match is very advantageous. And who is this lady? said the unknown beauty. 'Tis the count de Belflor's sister, reply'd the scholar. Ah, Don Pedro, reply'd she, discovering an extreme surprize, you doubtless mistake; you are not sure of what you say! Is it really Eugenia de Belflor which is propos'd to you? Yes, madam, reply'd Don Pedro, the count himself made the offer. How, cry'd she, is it possible that you should be the cavalier, for whom my brother designs me? What do I hear, cry'd Don Pedro in his turn, is my unknown angel then Eugenia de Belflor? Yes, Don Pedro, reply'd she, but I scarce believe myself this moment to be any longer so; so hard is it for me to persuade myself of the reality of the happiness of which you assure me.

At these words Don Pedro embrac'd her knees, seiz'd one of her hands with

all the raptures that a lover suddenly remov'd from the extremities of pain to an excess of joy could possibly feel. Whilst he thus abandon'd himself to the motions of his love, Eugenia on her part gave him a thousand proofs of her affection, which she accompany'd with tender engaging expressions : what racking pains, said she, would my brother have spar'd me, had he but nam'd the husband he designed me ? What aversion had I already conceived for my spouse ? Ah, my dear Don Pedro, how much did I hate you ? Bright Eugenia, answer'd he, how charming is that hatred to me ? I will deserve it by adoring you all my life.

After these two lovers had given each other all the most moving signs of their mutual tenderneesses, Eugenia desir'd to know how the scholar could gain her brother's friendship. Don Pedro did not conceal from her the amours of the count and his sister, but related to her all that pass'd the last night. She was infinitely pleas'd to hear that her brother was to marry her lover's sister ; and Donna Juana had too great a share in her friend's fate,

not to be touched with this happy event. She testify'd her joy as well as Don Pedro, who at last left Eugenia, after their having mutually resolv'd not to seem to know one another when they appear'd before the count.

Don Pedro return'd to his father, who finding him perfectly dispos'd to obedience, was the better pleas'd, because he ascrib'd it to his absolute manner of deporting himself towards his son the last night. They expected news from the count the very minute they receiv'd a letter from him, which advis'd them that he had just obtain'd the king's consent to his marriage, and that of his sister, with the addition of a considerable post for Don Pedro; that on the morrow both nuptials might be celebrated, his orders having been so diligently executed, that all the preparations were already far advanc'd. He came in the afternoon to confirm what he had written, and to present Eugenia to them.

Don Lewis shew'd that lady all imaginable civilities, and Leonora did not neglect tenderly embracing her. As for

Don Pedro, by whatsoever motions of love and joy agitated, he yet sufficiently restrain'd himself, to avoid the count's having any suspicion of their former correspondence. Belflor particularly applying himself to observe his sister, thought he discover'd, notwithstanding the constraint she imposed on herself, that she did not dislike Don Pedro. But the better to assure himself of the truth of his conjecture, he took her aside for a moment, and made her own that she was extremely well pleased with her cavalier. He then told her his name and family, which he before concealed, lest the indifference of their quality should have prejudiced her against him ; all this she pretended to hear, as tho' utterly ignorant of it before.

At last, after the exchange of a multitude of civilities on both sides, it was resolv'd that the weddings should be kept at the count de Belflor's house ; and the nuptial festivities are this night acting, but not finished ; and that is the reason of the so great rejoicing in that house, in which all the company unanimously

joins, except Marcella, who has no share in it. She cries whilst the rest laugh; for the count de Belflor, after his marriage, confess'd the whole story to Don Lewis, who has order'd her to be sent to the † Monasterio de Arrepentidas, where the thousand pistoles which she receiv'd to betray Leonora will serve her to do penance the remainder of her life.

C H A P. VI.

Other particulars which the scholar saw.

L E T's turn to the other side, continu'd the daemon, and run over some new objects. Cast your eyes on the first house directly under us, where you will see something extraordinary; 'tis a man considerably in debt in a profound sleep. He must then be some great lord, said the scholar. You have guessed right, replied the devil. Observe in the next house an author very busie in his closet; he is surrounded by a thousand volumes, and is compiling one, in which there will not be a line of

† *A monastery in which lewd women are shut up.*

his own. He pilfers from all the books in his study, and tho' he only methodizes and connects his plagiaries, yet he doth not want a larger share of vanity than a real author.

Oh what a diverting spectacle is that! said Don Cleofas: I see a very fine woman betwixt a young and an old man; and whilst the fond dotard is embracing her, she slips her hand behind him into that of a young cavalier, who is doubtless her spark. Quite contrary, answer'd Asmodeo, that is her husband, and the other her lover. The old man is a person of quality, and ruining himself for that lady, who caresses him for interest, and is by inclination false for her husband's advantage: a very fine picture really, said Don Cleofas. That which you see in the adjoining house, replied the devil, does not less deserve your attention. The bashfulness of that young widow deserves your admiration; she scruples receiving her shift before her uncle, but retires into her closet to have it put on by her gallant, whom she has hidden there.

Let me present you with some more melancholy images, continu'd Asmodeo : look on the other side of the street, into that separate apartment : you see that corpulent man, that unfortunate canon, who just now fell into an apoplexy ; his niece and domesticks, instead of affording him any assistance, have suffer'd him to die for want of it, and are seizing his best effects, and conveying them to a receiver of stolen goods to hide them ; after which they will be wholly at leisure to mourn and lament his death. Observe those two men whom they are now burying : they are two brothers that were both sick of the same disease, but took different measures ; one of them rely'd, with an intire confidence, upon his physician ; the other let nature take her course, yet they both died ; the former by taking all the physic the doctor order'd, and the latter by taking nothing. This is a very perplexing dilemma, said Don Cleofas : alas, what then must a poor sick man do ? that's more than I can tell you, replied the devil ; I very well know that there are such things as good remedies, but

cannot say whether there are any good physicians.

Do you discern, about two paces farther, a man in his shirt stalking in a stable? Yes, answer'd the scholar; he seems to have a curry-comb in his hand. So he has, replied the devil; 'tis a groom, who every night, as you see him now, walks and curries his horses in his sleep; after which he is astonish'd, in the morning, to find them all dress'd. The people of the house fancy 'tis done by some whimsical spirit, and the groom is of their mind.

Who are those ladies just going to bed? They are two coquetting sisters who lodge together; from seven in the morning, to this very minute, they have been talking of nothing but dresses for themselves, and furniture for their chamber, which they have a mind to buy; and they have been so infinitely pleas'd with this conversation, that to avoid all manner of interruption, they have deny'd themselves even the sight of their lovers. Observe their neighbour, that lady, just come home: she is is a great lover.

of scandal; she is just come from supping with an old female devotee, one of her friends, with whose conversation she has been infinitely pleas'd. Ah, how perfectly well shap'd she is, and what a charming air she has! said the scholar. Very well, reply'd Asmodeo, but that dapper beauty can, I assure you, give you an exact history of the greatest part of the last century as an eye-witness. Her shape, which you admire, is a very machine, in the adjusting of which all the art of the ablest mechanics was exhausted; her breasts and her hips are artificial; and not long since she dropp'd her rump at church, in the midst of the sermon.

I hear such a dismal noise, said the scholar, that I cannot help asking you the cause of it. 'Tis a consort of kitchen-furniture, occasion'd by a widow of sixty, having this morning marry'd one of her domestics not yet twenty; upon which all the merry fellows in that quarter are met together to celebrate the wedding, with the ringing of pots, frying pans and kettles. You told me, reply'd Don Cleo-

fas, that the making ridiculous matches was your province ; yet you had no hand in this. No, return'd the devil ; had I been at liberty, I would not have meddled in't : this widow had a scrupulous conscience, and therefore married this young fellow only in order to enjoy her darling pleasures without remorse. I never make such marriages ; I have a much greater pleasure in troubling consciences, than setting them at rest.

Notwithstanding the hideous din of this serenade, said Don Cleofas, I fancy I hear another noise. Yes, said the devil, it comes from a coffee-house, where several wits have been disputing these five hours, and the coffee-man cannot get them out of doors. The whole controversy is turn'd on a comedy which first appear'd on the stage this day, the action of which was interrupted by the clamours and hisses of the audience. Some of them maintain that it is a good piece, and others as obstinately aver the contrary. They are just going to fisticuffs, the ordinary end of these squabbles. If you are desirous to see the fray I will remove

you——No, no, interrupted the scholar, rather inform me what that man is thinking of who sits in his night-gown in an elbow chair 'Tis an old officer of the council of the Indies, whose head is taken up with an important project. His estate is worth about four millions; but his conscience suggesting some uneasy reflections on the manner of his acquiring it, he is contriving the building of a monastery; by which he flatters himself he shall sooth his troubled mind. He has already obtain'd leave to found a convent; but being firmly resolv'd not to place any monks in it in whom the virtues of chastity, sobriety and humility don't eminently shine, he is very much puzzled in the choice.

Do you see a little farther, said the devil, that printer at work in his printing-house? He has sent his servants to bed, and is privately printing a book. What is it? said Don Cleofas. 'Tis a libel, answer'd Asmodeo; it proves that religion is preferable to point of honour; and that it is better to forgive than revenge an affront. Ah rascal, cry'd the scholar; he

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does well to print such infamous books in private ; nor would I advise the author to own it, for I should be one of the first to stone him : does religion forbid the preservation of our honour ? don't let us enter upon that dispute, interrupted the devil smiling. Say what you please, reply'd Don Cleofas, for the author ; tell me that his reasoning is the clearest in the world, I shall yet laugh at him : nothing in the world is so sweet to me as revenge ; and since you have promis'd to do me justice on my perfidious mistress, I demand that you keep your word. I yield with pleasure to the rage which inspires you, said the devil ; oh how I love those bold tempers who pursue all their inclinations without scruple ! Come, I will this moment satisfy you, the time of your vengeance being at hand. Don Cleofas then took hold of the end of Asmodeo's cloak, and that spirit cleft the air with him, and fate him down on Donna Thomasa's house.

C H A P. VII.

How Don Cleofas was reveng'd on his mistress.

THAT lady was at the table with the four bullies who had pursu'd the scholar over the gutters; he trembled with outrageous resentment to see them eat a turkey, and empty several bottles of wine, for which he had payed and sent thither. Ah rascals, said he, how deliciously they feast at my expence, and a fine mortification to me! I confess, said the devil, 'tis no very pleasant sight; but they who will frequent such loose ladies, must expect adventures of this kind: they happen every day in France to abbots, men of the long robe, and the rich farmers of the revenue. If I had a sword, reply'd Don Cleofas, I would break in amongst those villains, and spoil their entertainment. You would be over-matched, interrupted Asmodeo; leave your revenge to me, I will compass it a better way; I will immediately set them together by the ears, by inspiring them with a lascivious flame.

At these words he blew, and out of his mouth, issu'd a violet-colour'd vapour, that descended like a small cloud, and spread itself over Donna Thomasa's table. One of the guests immediately feeling the effect of this blast, drew nearer the dame, and passionately embrac'd her; but the others, push'd on by the force of the same vapour, would tear her from him. Each pretended to the preference, which they now began to dispute, and a jealous rage possess'd all their minds; they came to blows, drew their swords, and began to engage very warmly. In the mean while Donna Thomasa shriek'd in a horrible manner, and the neighbourhood was immediately in an uproar; they cry'd out for the officers of justice to come, which they accordingly did, broke open the curtisan's door, found two of the ruffians dead on the spot, seiz'd the rest and carry'd them to prison with Donna Thomasa, who crying and tearing her hair, lost all patience, whilst her guards were not a jot more touch'd than Don Cleofas, who laugh'd very heartily with Asmodeo.

C H A P. VIII.

Of the PRISONERS.

THE devil and the scholar in a moment reach'd the prison, where they soon saw the two bullies clapp'd into a dungeon. As for Donna Thomasa, she was lodg'd on the straw with three or four loose women who had been taken up that day, and who on the morrow were to be transported to the place appointed for that kind of cattle.

Now I am satisfy'd, said Don Cleofas; I have had the pleasure of a full revenge. Whenever you please we will depart, and continue our observation of what passes in this city. Stay, answer'd the daemon, I must first shew you some prisoners, and acquaint you for what reason they are confin'd here.

First of all, in that large chamber on the right, are three men asleep on those three wretched beds which you see. One is a vintner accus'd of poisoning a stranger, who t'other day fell down dead at the table in his tavern. 'Tis pretended

that the quality of the wine kill'd him; but the vintner alledges that it was the quantity, and indeed ought in justice to be believ'd, for the deceas'd was a German. The second is a citizen, who is in for being bound for a licenciado that borrow'd two hundred pistoles to patch up a hasty marriage with his maid; and the third is a dancing-master, that taught one of his female scholars a false step.

The two at cards in the little chamber next them, are two young gentlemen of good families, who were clapped up for their amours. The youngest of them was discover'd in girls cloaths in a nunnery, and the other was catched, by the watch, scaling the balcony of a woman of his acquaintance, whose husband was absent. 'Tis his own fault that he does not get out, by declaring his design was purely amorous; but he chuses rather to pass for a thief, and run the risque of his life, than expose the lady's honour. A very discreet lover indeed, said Don Cleofas, it must be own'd that our nation out-does others in gallantry. I dare venture a wager, that there is not a French-

man in the world would suffer himself to be hanged thus discreetly like a Spaniard, upon a punctilio. No, I assure you, said the devil, a Frenchman would rather clamber up to a woman's balcony to publish her disgrace.

Cast your eye, continu'd Asmodeo, directly under those two prisoners, and observe that man in the dungeon. He was seized yesterday, and is claim'd by the inquisition : I'll relate you his case.

An old soldier by his courage, or rather patience, having mounted to the post of a serjeant in his company, came to raise recruits in this city. He enquir'd for a lodging at an inn, where he was answered, that they had empty rooms, but that they could not recommend any of them to him, because the house was haunted every night by a spirit, which treated all strangers very ill that were rash enough to lodge there. This did not at all baulk our serjeant : put me in what chamber you please, said he, do but give me a candle, wine, pipes and tobacco, and as for the spirit never trouble yourself about it.

He was accordingly shewn into a chamber, where all that he desir'd was brought to him. He fell to drinking and smoaking 'till midnight, and no spirit had yet disturb'd the profound silence that reign'd in the house; but betwixt one and two the serjeant, all of a sudden, heard a terrible noise, like the rattling of old iron, and immediately saw entring his chamber an apparition, cloath'd in black, and laden all round with iron chains. Not in the least affrighted at this sight, he drew his sword, advanc'd towards the spirit, and with the flat side of it gave him a very severe blow on the head.

The apparition, not much us'd to meet with such bold guests, cry'd out, and perceiving the soldier going to begin again with him, he most humbly prostrated himself at his feet, Mr. Serjeant, said he, for God's sake don't give me any more; but have mercy on a poor devil, that casts himself at your feet. I conjure you by St. James, who, as you are, was a great soldier. If you are willing to save your life, answer'd the soldier, you must tell me who you are, and speak without

the least prevarication. I am the principal servant of this inn, reply'd the spirit: I am in love with my master's daughter, and she does not dislike me; but the father and the mother having a better match in view than me, in order to prevent their making him their son-in-law, the girl and I have concluded that I shall, every night, act the part which I now do. I wrap myself up in a long black cloak, and hang the jack-chain about my neck; thus equipt I run up and down the house, from the cellar to the garret, and make all the noise which you have heard. When I am at my master and mistress's chamber-door, I stop, and cry out; don't hope that I'll ever let you rest, 'till you marry Juanna to Guillermo your upper drawer. After having pronounced these words with a hoarse broken voice, I continue my noise, and at a window enter the closet, where Juanna lyes alone, to give her an account of what I have done.

Mr. Serjeant, continu'd Guillermo, you see I have told you the whole; I know that after this confession you may ruin me by discovering it to my master;

but if you please to serve, instead of undoing me, I swear that my acknowledgments——Alas, what service can I do to thee? interrupted the soldier. You need do no more, return'd Guillermo, than to say to-morrow that you have seen the spirit, that it so terribly affrighted you—How! terribly affrighted! interrupted the soldier; would you have serjeant Antonio Quebrantador own such a thing as fear? you may say what you please, answer'd the young man; 'tis no matter, provided you second my design. And when I have marry'd Juanna and am settled, I promise to treat you and all your friends nobly for nothing every day. You are a very tempting person, Mr. Guillermo, said the soldier. You propose to me to support a trick: 'tis a serious affair, which requires mature deliberation; but the consequences hurry me on. Go, continue your noise, give your account to Juanna, and I'll take care of the rest.

Accordingly next morning he said to his landlord and landlady: I have seen the spirit, I have talk'd with it. 'Tis a very honest fellow, I have concluded a

treaty of peace betwixt you and him. He has promis'd to leave you at quiet, on condition that you will marry your daughter to one Guillermo which he talk'd of. On my part, I took it upon me to oblige you to consent to this marriage, and with your leave it must be so, for I don't love my promises should turn to air. Tho' the host was a very simple fellow, he refus'd to ratify this treaty. Have a care then, said the soldier; the spirit has cryed out to you every night to dispose of your daughter to Guillermo, and you have feign'd not to hear it. You don't know what sort of gentlemen these spirits are; after they have several times declar'd their intentions, if they are not follow'd, take notice I warn you against what they will do.

The hostess, yet more silly than her husband, terrify'd at this discourse, and fancying that the spirit was always behind her, so earnestly press'd her husband to consent to the match, that he yielded to her entreaties, and Guillermo marry'd Juanna the next day, and set up in another part of the town.

Serjeant Quebrantador did not fail to visit him often, and he, in acknowledgment of the service he had done him, gave him as much wine as he car'd for. This so pleas'd the soldier, that he brought thither not only all his friends, but list'd his men there, and made all his recruits drunk. But at last Guillermo, grown weary of satiating such a crew of greedy throats, told the soldier his mind; who, without ever thinking that he had exceeded the agreement, was so unjust as to call Guillermo little ungrateful rascal. The host answered, the serjeant replied, and the dialogue ended with several strokes with the flat side of the sword, which Guillermo received: several persons passing by took the vintner's part; the serjeant wounded three or four, but was suddenly fallen on by a croud of Alguazils, who seiz'd him as a disturber of the public peace, and carry'd him to prison. He there declar'd all that I have told you, and upon his deposition the officers have also seiz'd Guillermo; the father-in-law requires the annulling of the marriage, and the holy office, informed

of the affair, have thought fit to take cognizance of it. •

In the next hole, continued the devil, are four wretches who will soon end their days. One of them is a young valet de chambre, admitted by his master's wife for a lover. One day the husband caught them in the act ; the woman immediately cried out for help, and accus'd the valet de chambre of a rape : the miserable unfortunate fellow was immediately seiz'd, and will be sacrificed to his mistress's reputation.

The second is a chirurgion, convicted of having sent his wife out of the world the same way that Seneca went. He was this day tortured, and after confessing the crime he was charged with, owned, besides, that he had made use of a new way to create practice ; he wounded the passengers in the street with a bayonet, and nimbly made his escape. The wounded person, in the mean while, by his groans had drawn the neighbours to his assistance. He ran in also with the croud, and finding a wounded man wallowing in his blood, he caused him to be carry'd into

his shop, where he dress'd him with the same hand which had given the wound.

The third is by profession an assassinator, one of those who for four or five pistoles are very ready to oblige such with the use of their arm, who want to be privately rid of an enemy. The fourth is a young marquiss's gentleman, whose master being robb'd of a thousand ducats, he is accus'd of the crime : he will to-morrow be put to the torture, and tho' innocent will be tormented 'till he confess that which was committed by an old waiting-woman, who monopolizes the marchioness's ear, and no body dare suspect her.

Signior Asmodeo, said Don Cleofas, pray let me entreat you to help this young gentleman. Keep off, by your power, the cruel tortures designed him ; his innocence deserves it.——You don't consider what you ask, Don Cleofas, interrupted the devil. Can you desire me to oppose an unjust action, and hinder the destruction of an innocent man ? you had as good beg of an attorney not to ruin a widow or orphan. Pray, if you please, be

thankful that I don't deal with yourself like an evil spirit : and leave me to the free exercise of my hatred and malice on other men. Besides, if I would deliver that honest man out of prison, do you think 'tis in my power ? how, said the scholar, have not you power to fetch a man out of prison ? no, really, reply'd Asmodeo ; if you had read Albertus Magnus's Enchiridion, you would have known that I cannot, any more than my brethren, set a prisoner at liberty. If even I myself should have the misfortune to fall into the clutches of a justice, I could not extricate myself any other way than by money.

I think, said Don Cleofas, I see a woman in that little room above the dungeon. Yes, answer'd Asmodeo, it is a famous witch, who has the character of being able to do impossibilities. By her art, 'tis reported, old widowed ladies find out gallants that love them on the square ; husbands become just to their wives, and coquet really enamour'd on those rich men that keep them. But nothing is more false than this ; she is not

mistress of any other secret, than that of persuading the world she is so, and living handsomely on that opinion.

Observe in the next room those two prisoners, who are talking instead of taking their rest: they can't sleep, their circumstances disturb them, and really they are nice enough. The first is a jeweller, accused of having concealed stolen jewels. The other is in for polygamy. Six month's since he marry'd an old widow in the kingdom of Valencia for her money, and a little while after espoused a young woman at Madrid to gratifie his inclination, and gave her all the riches he had with his Valencian wife. These two marriages coming out, both his wives prosecute him. She that he marry'd out of inclination pursues his life for interest, and she that he marry'd for interest demands it out of inclination.

Follow my eyes to that low hall, where you will see thirty or forty prisoners lying on straw? they are pick-pockets, shoplifters, and all the very worst sort of felons; I'll particularize the cause of the commitment of every one

of them. — I beg you not, interrupted Don Cleofas ; let's leave these rogues, for I am not fond of hearing the adventures of the dregs of mankind, pray let's remove from this unpleasant place ; go on, and fix our observation on more diverting objects. Very willingly, replied the daemon, for I have a great many other things to shew you.

C H A P. IX.

Which contains several short stories.

LEAVING the prisoners, they flew towards the Casa * de los Locos ; but before they reach'd it, Asmodeo stopping at a great house, said to Don Cleofas, shall I tell you what all those people which you see have this day done ? you will very much oblige me, answer'd the scholar ; but I conjure you to begin with those two ladies who laugh so loud ; they seem to me to be very merry. They are, answered the devil, a couple of young ladies that have this day bury'd their father,

* *The mad house, or bedlam.*

who was a whimsical humourist, that had such an aversion for matrimony that he would never marry them, how advantageous matches soever were offer'd. The character of their deceas'd father was the perpetual subject of their discourse. He is dead at last, said the eldest, our unnatural father, who took a barbarous pleasure in preventing our marriage ! he will now no more cross our desires. For my part, said the youngest, I am for a rich husband, and Don Bourvalas shall be my man. Hold, sister, reply'd the eldest, don't let us be so very hasty in the choice of husbands ; let's marry those the powers above have destin'd for us ; for our marriages are register'd in heaven's book. So much the worse, dear sister, return'd the youngest, for I'm afraid my father will tear out the leaf. At this the eldest could not hold from an extravagant fit of laughter, in which the youngest, equally tickled, as heartily joins.

Ah ha, said Don Cleofas, in the house over-against that I discern a young lady looking into a glass. 'Tis, answer'd the daemon, a young gentlewoman, who lod-

ges in a furnish'd chamber, and is complimenting her charms on the important conquest they have made this day. She is likewise contriving new airs, and has already hit on two which will to-morrow give a good stroke towards the gaining of a new lover, who is such a very promising spark that she can't be too sedulous in the conquest of him: and one of her creditors coming to dun her, Honest friend, said she, come within a few days and you shall be paid, I am just upon terms of agreement with a considerable officer of the treasury.

Let's turn our eyes, continu'd the devil, towards that captain who is drawing on his boots; he is going out of Madrid, his horses wait for him at the gate, and he is commanded to Portugal, in order to join his regiment. Having no money to make the campaign, he yesterday apply'd himself to an usurer: Can't you, said he, lend me a thousand pieces of eight? Captain, answer'd the usurer in very obliging terms, I have not so much by me, but I will do my best to find a man that shall lend you that sum;

that is, shall give you four hundred down, provided you give your note for a thousand; and out of that four hundred, please to take notice that I expect sixty for procuration. Money is so very scarce at this time — What a hellish extortion is this, interrupted the officer hastily, to ask six hundred and sixty patacoons for the use of three hundred and forty! what a horrid cheat is this! No passion, captain, reply'd the usurer with a cool air; try at another place. What do you complain of? Do I force you to take the three hundred and forty patacoons? You are at your liberty to take them or let them alone.

The captain went away, without returning any answer: but after considering that he must go to his regiment, his time was short, and that he could do nothing without money, he returns the next morning to the usurer, whom he met at his door in a black cloak, collar band and short hair, with beads in his hand. Signior Sanguijela, says he, I am content to accept your three hundred and forty patacoons; my extreme want of

money has forced me to it. I will but go to mass, answer'd the usurer very gravely, and at my return come again, and you shall have that sum. No, no, reply'd the captain, go in again, this affair won't take you up two minutes, pray dispatch me immediately, for I am in utmost haste. I cannot really, reply'd the usurer, I every day hear mass before I do any manner of business; 'tis my constant rule, which I am resolv'd to observe most religiously for the remainder of my life.

However impatient the captain was to receive his money, he was forc'd to submit to pious Sanguijela's strict rules; and as if he had been afraid he should miss the patacoons, he follow'd the usurer to the church, and staid the mass out with him; immediately after which he prepar'd to go out of the church, when Sanguijela whisper'd in his ear, that one of the ablest preachers in Madrid was just going to ascend the pulpit, and I will not on any account, said he, lose the sermon. The officer, who thought the mass insupportably tedious, was almost distracted as this fresh delay; but yet waited

the sermon out. The preacher appear'd, and preached against usury ; at which the captain was infinitely pleas'd, and observing Sanguijela's looks, he said to himself, If this Jew should be touch'd with this discourse ! Should he now give me six hundred patacoons, how happy 'twould be ! After the sermon the usurer went out of the church : Well, signior Sanguijela, said the captain, joining him, what do you think of this preacher ? was not the sermon very pathetic ? for my part, I own it sensibly moved me. I am perfectly of your opinion, with regard to the sermon, answer'd the extortioner : he has handled his subject perfectly well ; he is a learned man, and has discharged the duty of his calling ; let us do the same in ours.

Cast your eye, continued the devil, on that great house beyond the officer's. Do you see that young lady in the rose-colour'd satin bed embroider'd with silver ? Yes, answer'd Don Cleofas, I discern a fine woman in a profound sleep, and I think also a book on her boulder. You are right, replied Asmodeo, that lady is

a very gay, witty, young marchioness, who being indispos'd, and not able to sleep for three nights, she this day resolv'd to send for a physician. He came; she consulted him, and he ordered a remedy mentioned in Hippocrates. The lady began to rally his prescription; but the physician being a peevish animal, was disgusted at her jest: Hippocrates, madam, said he, very gravely, is not a proper man to be ridiculed. God forbid, signior Carquette, answered the marchioness with the most serious air that it was possible for her to put on; God forbid that I should laugh at such a famous and learned author! I have such a high value for him, that I am fully persuaded the reading some of his tracts only, would cure my waking distemper. I have his works of the last edition, which is the best translation extant: she accordingly try'd the experiment, and at the third page fell asleep.

Pray inform me, said the scholar, what that tall, meagre piece of skin and bones, who stalks about that little room, is; I believe his head is somewhat disturb'd. You are not mistaken, answer'd the de-

vil, 'tis a dramatic poet that understands French ; he has taken the pains to translate the *Misanthrope*, one of the best comedies of Moliere, that famous French author. 'Twas this day acted on the theatre of Madrid, and has been very ill receiv'd. The Spaniards have damn'd it, as dull and tedious : 'Twas about this play that you heard such a noisic dispute at the coffee-house.

Why, reply'd Don Cleofas, had his comedy such an unhappy fate ? Because, return'd the devil, the Spaniards like no plays that are not full of intrigue, and the French only those which abound with humour. On this foot then, said the scholar, if our finest dramatic pieces were to be play'd in France, they would not succeed. You are undoubtedly in the right, said Asmodeo ; as the Spaniards are steady, and capable of a fix'd attention, they are fond of being cast into an agreeable perplexity, and easily follow the most complicated action. The French, on the other side, don't care to be busied that way, they love to be disengaged, and are pleased to see their neighbours ridiculed.

because it tickles their own satyrical humour : to conclude, the taste of nations differs. But which sort of comedy is the best, answer'd Don Cleofas, that of intrigue, or that of humour ? 'Tis very disputable, replied the devil ; but neither Spaniards nor French are to be credited on this subject, they are parties too much prejudiced to be judges ; and I must not determine this dispute, because, as the daemon of luxury, I equally protect all theatres.

I see, continu'd he, not far from that author, a banker in whose apartment has lately pass'd a scene worth your hearing. 'Tis not two months since he return'd from Peru laden with great riches, and is now set up a banker in this city : his father is a cobbler in a small village about twelve leagues from hence, where he lived thoroughly contented with his condition and his wife, who is much about the same age with himself, that is sixty.

'Tis a long time since this banker left his parents, to go in quest of a better fortune than what they could propose to leave him ; for within the compass of

twenty rolling years they had not seen him. They frequently talk'd of him, and continually pray'd that Heav'n would please not to forsake him; and the parson being their friend, they never fail'd to obtain the public prayers of the congregation for him. As for the banker, he had not forgotten them: but as soon as he was settled, resolv'd to inform himself of their condition. To this purpose, after having order'd his domestics not to expect him, he mounted on horseback, and went alone to the village.

'Twas ten at night before he got thither, and the honest cobbler was a-bed with his wife, in a sound sleep, when he knocked at the door: they then wak'd, and ask'd who was there? Open the door, said the banker, 'tis your son Francillo. Make others believe that if you can, cry'd the old man, you thieving rogues go about your business, for here is nothing for you; Francillo, if not dead, is now in the Indies. He is no longer there, he is return'd home from Peru, reply'd the banker, and it is he that now speaks to you; open your door, and

receive him. Jacobo, let's rise then, said the woman, for I really believe 'tis Francillo ; I think I know his voice.

They both rose immediately ; the father lighted a candle, and the mother, after getting her cloaths on with the utmost haste, open'd the door. She earnestly looked on Francillo, and could not longer doubt his being her son ; she flung her arms about his neck, and clasped him close to her. Jacobo, also touched by the same sentiments as his wife, did not fail to embrace his son in his turn ; and all three of them, transported with the sight of one another, after such a long absence, could not satisfy themselves without expressing the marks of the utmost tenderness. After these pleasing transports, the banker unsaddled and unbridled his horse, and put him into the stable, where he found an old milk cow, the nurse to the whole family ; he then gave the old folks an account of his voyage, and all the riches that he had brought from Peru. The particular was long, and would tire any disinterested auditors ; but a son that unbosom'd himself

in the relation of all his adventures, could not fail of the attention of a father and mother. They greedily heard him, and the very least particulars which he related made in them a sensible impression of grief or joy.

As soon as he had ended the story of his fortunes, he told them that he came to offer them part of his estate, and begged of his father not to work any longer. No, my son, said Mr. Jacobo, I love my trade, and will not quit it. Why, reply'd the banker, is it not now high time for you to give it over, and take your ease? I don't propose your coming to live with me at Madrid; I know very well that a city life would not please you. I would not disturb your quiet way of living; but at least give over your hard labour, and pass your days as easily as you can. The mother seconded her son, and master Jacobo yielded. Very well, Francillo, said he, to please you, I will not work any more for the public; but will only mend my own shoes, and those of my good friend, the vicar of the parish. After this agreement, the banker, fatigu'd with his

day's journey, went into his father and mother's bed, and slept betwixt them both, with a pleasure which only the most dutiful and best-natur'd children to their parents can imagine.

The next morning, the banker, leaving them a purse of three hundred ducats, returned to Madrid ; but yesterday was very much surprized to see Mr. Jacobo unexpectedly at his house : My father, said he, what brought you hither ? Francillo, answer'd the honest man, I have brought your purse, take your money again, I desire to live by my trade, I have been ready to die with uneasiness ever since I left off working. Well then, my father, reply'd the banker, return to your village, work at your trade enough to divert yourself, but no more. Carry back your purse with you, and don't spare mine. Alas, what would you have me do with so much money ? reply'd Mr. Jacobo. Comfort the poor with it, returned Francillo, bestow it as your vicar shall advise you. The cobbler, satisfy'd with this answer, return'd that morning to his village.

I need not, said Don Cleofas, ask you what that gentleman, which I see, has been doing for this whole day; he must of necessity have spent it in writing of letters. What a prodigious quantity do I see on his table! What is most comical, answer'd the devil, is, that all these letters are verbatim the same. This cavalier has written to all his absent friends the relation of an adventure which happened to him this day after dinner, and is as follows: he loves a beautiful, discreet widow of thirty; he makes addresses to her, she does not slight him, he proposes to marry her, and she accepts the offer. While the nuptial preparations are making, he has free leave to visit her at her own house, which he accordingly doth daily. He has been there to-day, and happening to meet with none of the family to ask where she was, he entered the lady's apartment, where he surprized her asleep on a couch in an amorous undress. He approached her softly, and stole a kiss; at which she waked, and sighing, said: Ah, pray, Ambrosio, let me sleep! The cavalier, like a well-bred

man, very civilly took his leave at that instant, and quitted her apartment; he met Ambrosio at the door, Ambrosio, said he, your mistress begs that you would not wake her.

I shall now ask your fresh attention, continu'd the devil. Three houses beyond that of this cavalier lives la Chiconna, whom I have already mention'd in the story of the count de Belflor. Ah, how I am ravished to see her! said the scholar. That good woman, so very serviceable to young persons, is doubtless one of those two old women which I see in that low hall. The one is leaning with her elbows on the table, earnestly looking on the other, who is telling money: which of the two is la Chiconna? She, answer'd the daemon, that leans on her elbows. The name of the other is la Pebrada; she is a lady of the same occasion; they are partners, and at this moment dividing the profits of an adventure, which they have this day brought to bear.

La Pebrada has the best trade, and deals with several rich widows, to whom she carries her list to read every day.

What do you mean by your list? interrupted Don Cleofas. It is, reply'd Afmodeo, that catalogue of all the handsome strangers that come to Madrid: as soon as ever la Pebrada hears any fresh ones are arrived in the city, she runs to their inns, and informs herself exactly of their country, birth, shape, air and humour; she then makes report to the widows, who consider of it, and if they are so inclin'd, la Pebrada brings them to the speech of the strangers.

This is not only very convenient, said Don Cleofas, but in a sort lawful: for without these good ladies and their agents, the young strangers, who have no acquaintance here, would be obliged to the expence of an infinite deal of time to create some. But pray tell me whether there are also widows in other countries? Whether there are? reply'd the devil: yes, there are in all countries, and especially in France; but an established reputation is absolutely necessary in order to find them. To this purpose give me leave to tell you, that some days past, a very industrious spark, talking on this

head with one of his acquaintance, said: My dear, you must needs allow me to be a very unlucky dog. I have spent fifteen whole days in quest of a yielding female. I have gone to Matins at all the churches; I have surveyed all the beauties of the Tuilleries; I have shewed myself on the Opera, appear'd all unbutton'd at the play-house, where sometimes I lay along on the benches, at others stood upright behind the actors, and yet all this avail'd nothing, I have not so much as met with the least favour from even any one of sixty; whilst the youngest and most beautiful women of Paris are victims to the chevalier de Tiremailles, who without vanity, I may say, has neither my shape nor youth. Oh, don't mistake, interrupted his friend, the chevalier de Tiremailles is a known rover, he has already ruined two women. His actions loudly proclaim his merit, he has the best reputation in the world.

What's that I hear? cry'd the scholar: what confus'd noise strikes the air? Those are mad men, answered the devil, who are tearing their throats with sing-

ing and roaring ; we are not far from the place where they are shut up. Ah, said Don Cleofas, pray do me the favour to show me them, and give me an account wherefore they ran mad. I will immediately give you that diversion, answer'd the devil ; as there are melancholy mad men, so there are also merry ones ; you shall see all sorts of them. These words were scarce ended, before the scholar was transported to the top of the Casa de los Locos.

C H A P. X.

Of the confin'd mad people.

DON CLEOFAS cast his eye into all the rooms, and after having observ'd all those within them, said the daemon to him, Let's examine all these one after another, taking them in a row as their chambers are situate ; and beginning with the men, I will tell you by what misfortune they lost their senses.

In the first room is a news-monger, run distracted with melancholy, by reading in the Gazette, that a party of fifty

Portuguese beat thirty Spaniards. His neighbour is a licenciado, who has played the hypocrite at court for these ten years only to obtain a benefice, and seeing himself continually forgotten in the promotions, despair has at last turn'd his head.

The next is an orphan, whom his guardian made to pass for distracted, that he might seize his estate; and the poor youth is really become so at last, out of pure grief to see himself shut up here. Next to him is a school-master, who lost his wits in search of the paulo post futurum of a Greek verb.

He whom you see beyond him, is old captain Zanubio, a Neapolitan gentleman, who came to settle at Madrid, and ran mad with jealousy. His story runs thus: he had a young wife, whose name was Aurora; he kept her out of sight; his house was inaccessible to all men. Aurora never went out but to mass, and then was always accompany'd by her old Tithon, who sometimes carry'd her to an estate which he had near Alcantara. Notwithstanding all his vigilant care, a cer-

tain gentleman, whose name was Don Garcia Pucheco, having seen her at church, had conceiv'd a violent passion for her. He was a bold young spark, and worth the regard of a handsome woman ill marry'd. The difficulty of introducing himself to Zanubio did not remove his hopes; but his beard not being yet grown, and being a very beautiful youth, he dress'd himself in girls cloaths, took a purse of a hundred pistoles, and went to Zanubio's estate, whither he had been inform'd, by good hands, that the captain and his wife would very soon come.

He address'd himself to the gardner's wife, and in a romantic heroic strain, said to her, I come to throw myself into your arms, take pity on me; I am of Toledo, born of a good family, and to a good fortune: my parents resolve to marry me to a man I hate, and I have this night escap'd their tyranny, and at present want a shelter from their rage. They will never come to look for me here; permit me to stay here 'till my relations come to more tender sentiments for me. Here is my purse, adds he, giv-

ing it to her, take it ; 'tis all I can at present offer you. But, I hope, I shall one day be able to acknowledge any service you shall do me.

The gard'ners wife, touch'd with this discourse, more especially with the conclusion: My daughter, said she, I will serve you ; I know several young women which are sacrific'd to old men, and withal know that they are not very well contented with them ; alas, I feel part of their griefs. You could not have address'd yourself to a more proper person than myself, I will place you in a little private chamber, where you shall be secure. Don Garcia pass'd several days here very impatiently, expecting the arrival of Aurora, who at last came, accompany'd by her husband ; who, according to his custom, search'd all the apartments, closets, cellars and garrets, to see if he could not discover any man hidden there. The gard'ner's wife, knowing him thoroughly, prevented his searching Don Garcia's chamber, by telling in what manner the pretended lady had desir'd a refuge there.

Zanubio, tho' extremely distrustful, had

not the least suspicion of the deceit. He was willing to see the unknown lady, who desir'd to be excus'd from the discovery of her name, pretending she ow'd that concealment to her family, whom she disgrac'd by this sort of flight. She then told her romantic tale so advantageously, that the captain was charm'd with it, and began to find a growing inclination for the fair unknown. He offer'd her his services, and flattering himself that this might prove a lucky adventure, plac'd her with his wife.

As soon as Aurora saw Don Garcia she blush'd, and grew disturb'd; he perceiv'd it, and believ'd that she had observ'd him in the church where he had seen her: wherefore to satisfy himself, as soon as he could speak to her alone, he said, madam, I have a brother has often mention'd you to me; he saw you for a moment in a church; ever since that time he has call'd upon your name a thousand times a day, and is in a condition which indeed deserves your pity. At these words Aurora look'd on Don Garcia more intently than she had yet done, and an-

swer'd, you too much resemble that brother for me to be any longer deluded by your artifice ; I see clearly enough that you are a cavalier in petticoats : I remember that one day, when I was hearing mass, my veil suddenly flew open, and you saw me. I observ'd you out of curiosity, and found your eyes always fix'd on me. When I went away I believe you did not fail to follow me, to discover in what street I liv'd, and who I was. I believe, I say, because I durst not turn my head to observe you, because my husband, who was with me, would have been alarm'd, and made a great crime of it. The next, and the following days, I went to the same church, where I saw you again, and took so much notice of your face, that I know it again, notwithstanding your disguise. Madam, then, reply'd Don Garcia, I must unmask : yes, I am a man ensnar'd by your charms : 'tis Don Garcia Pucheco, whom love has introduc'd here in this dress. And you hope, without doubt, said she, that approving your passion, I should favour this stratagem, and contribute my part to keep my

husband in the error he now lies under ; but there you are deceiv'd. I will immediately discover the whole to him ; I am glad of such a handsome opportunity of convincing him that his vigilance is less secure than my virtue, and that as jealous and distrustful as he is, 'tis more difficult to surprize me than him.

She had scarce ended these words before the captain appear'd ; what are you talking of, ladies ? said he. To which Aurora immediately answer'd : we were speaking of those young cavaliers that attempt to get into the affections of young women who have old husbands ; and I was saying, that if any of those sparks should be so rash as to presume to introduce themselves to you, under any disguise, I would very severely punish their impudence. And you, madam, said Zanubio, turning towards Don Garcia, how would you treat a young cavalier on the same occasion ? Don Garcia was so disturb'd and confus'd, that he was utterly at a loss what answer to return to the captain, who wou'd have perceiv'd the perplexity he was in, if a footman had

not come to tell him that a person was come from Madrid to speak with him. He went to see what his business was; when Don Garcia threw himself at Aurora's feet: Ah, madam! said he, what pleasure do you take in tormenting me? will you really be so barbarous as to deliver me over to the resentment of an enrag'd husband? No, Pucheco, answer'd she smiling; young women, who have old jealous husbands, are not so cruel. Reassume your courage; I was willing to divert myself by putting you into a little fright: you shall be acquitted by it; 'tis not making you pay too dear for my complaisance in suffering you to stay here. At these comforting words Don Garcia found all his fears vanish, and conceiv'd hopes that Aurora would not deny him.

One day when they were mutually exchanging some marks of their good understanding in Zanubio's apartment, the captain surpriz'd 'em. Had he not been the most jealous man in the world, he saw enough to engage him to believe, with good reason, that his fair unknown was a cavalier disguis'd: enrag'd to the highest

degree at this sight, he runs to his closet to fetch his pistols; but in the mean while the lovers escap'd, double locking all the doors after them, and carrying off the keys. They got to a neighbouring village, where Don Garcia had left his valet de chambre and two horses. There he quitted his petticoats, took Aurora behind him, and conducted her to a convent, where he desir'd her to enter, and assur'd her of a refuge there, the abbess being his aunt. This done, he return'd to Madrid to wait the issue of this adventure.

In the interim, Zanubio finding himself lock'd in, loudly call'd all the family. A footman hearing his voice, ran towards him; but the doors being lock'd, he could not open them. The captain endeavour'd to break them open, but not being able to get out that way quick enough, yielding to his rage, he hastily flung himself out at a window with the pistols in his hand: he fell upon his back, hurt his head, and remain'd senseless on the ground. His domestics came and carry'd him into the hall on a couch; they threw

water in his face, and by tormenting him, fetch'd him out of his fainting fit; but with his senses his rage return'd: he ask'd for his wife. The servants answer'd him, that they saw her and the strange lady go out at the little garden-door. He commanded them to give him his pistols immediately, and they were forc'd to obey him. He caus'd a horse to be saddled, mounting it without thinking of his wounds; but happen'd to take a different road than that which the lovers went. He pass'd the whole day in a vain chase, and at night stopping at an inn in a village to repose himself, his fatigue, and the blood which he had lost, threw him into a fever and delirium, which almost carry'd him off.

To tell you the rest in two words; he lay fifteen days sick in that village, after which he return'd to his estate, where continually possess'd by his misfortune, he by degrees lost his wits. Aurora's friends were no sooner inform'd of this, than they brought him to Madrid, and shut him up in the mad-house; and his wife is yet at the nunnery, where they

resolve she shall stay some years, as a punishment for her indiscretion.

The very next to Zanubio, continu'd the devil, is a merchant who run mad at the news of the loss of a ship. In the next room is a soldier, who could not bear the loss of his grand-mother. And the young man next to the honest soldier, said Don Cleofas, what sort of distraction is his? Oh! as for him, answer'd Asmodeo, 'tis a poor wretch born simple, he is the son of a Dutch woman, and a fat officer of the custom-house.

Let's remove to that great man who plays upon the guitar, and sings to it himself. He is a melancholy mad-man, a lover whom the severities of his mistress have reduc'd to this condition. Ah, how I pity him, cry'd the scholar, allow me to deplore his misfortune: it may be every honest gentleman's case. If I should be seiz'd by a cruel beauty, I don't myself know whether I should not lose my wits. By this sentiment you shew yourself to be a true Castilian; one must be born in the very middle of Castile to be capable of ever running melancholy mad

for being unable to please. The French are not so tender, and if you will know the difference betwixt a Frenchman and a Spaniard on this head, I need only repeat the song, which that mad-man sings, and has just this minute compos'd.

A Spanish song.

*Ardo y lloro sin sosiego :
Llorando y ardiente tanto,
Que ni el llanto apaga el fuego ;
Ni el fuego consume el llanto.*

In prose thus :

I burn and weep incessantly, without my tears ever quenching my flames, or my flames drying my tears.

Thus sings the Spanish cavalier, when his mistress has us'd him ill ; and on the same occasion a Frenchman, a few days since, express'd himself thus :

A French song.

*Th' ungrateful object of my love
Is deaf to all my pray'rs :
Her cruel heart no sighs can move,
Nor is she soften'd by my tears.
Was ever mortal curs'd like me !
The light, and ever glorious sun,
Henceforth abandon'd will I shun,
And in the grave with Payen lye.*

Payen is probably a vintner, said Don Cleofas. You've guess'd right, answer'd the devil. Let's now come to the women. How comes it, said the scholar, that I see but five or six ! there are less mad women than I thought. All of 'em are not here, reply'd the daemon ; but in another part of the city there is a place that is quite full of 'em. I'll carry you thither this minute, if you please. No, no, interrupted Don Cleofas, I will content myself with seeing these here ; pray inform me of the causes of their distraction.

The first, reply'd Asmodeo, is an old marchioness, who lov'd a young officer that serv'd in Flanders. She gave him a large sum to defray the charges of his campaign, and in his absence consulted a female fortune-teller, to know what her lover did abroad ; the witch shews him to the marchioness, at the feet of a Flanders lady, in a glass, at which the old lady lost her wits.

The next is a corregidor's wife, whose reason was turn'd by the outrageous passion she fell into at being call'd a citizen's wife by a court lady. The next is a proc-

tor's wife, who press'd her husband very hard to buy her a cross of diamonds, worth ten thousand ducats; he absolutely refus'd it, whereupon she ran mad. The next is a coquet, whose head is turn'd with spight for having lost a great lord, whose ruin she had contriv'd. In the two little lodges below those ladies are two servant wenches, who have lost their wits: one of them for grief, for being left out of the will of an old bachelor, whom she serv'd; and the other for joy, at the news of the death of a rich treasurer, whose heiress she was.

After having shewn you the mad people who are confin'd, continu'd the devil, I must shew you those who ought to be treated so.

C H A P. XI.

Which should be longer than the preceding.

LET'S turn our eyes on the side of the city, and as I shall discover to you some subjects which very well deserve to be plac'd amongst those that are here, I will give you their respective characters, I see

one already which I will not suffer to escape. 'Tis a new-marry'd man, who eight days since was told of the coquetting tricks of a jilt that he lov'd; enrag'd he goes to her, breaks one part of her furniture, throws another out of the window, and the next day marries her. Such a man as this, said Don Cleofas, certainly deserves the first vacancy in this house. He has a neighbour not much wiser than himself, reply'd Asmodeo: 'tis a bachelor of forty-five, who has sufficient to live on, and yet would enter himself in a nobleman's service.

I see a lawyer's widow, a good woman who is above sixty; her husband is just dead, and she has enter'd herself into a nunnery to secure her reputation, as she says, from scandal. I discern a couple of virgins of above fifty, each making vows to heaven to take their father, who keeps them up as close as tho' they were under age. They hope, after the old gentleman's death, they shall find handsome men that will marry them for love. And why not? said the scholar: there are men in the world of as whimsical a taste as

that. I grant it, reply'd the devil, 'tis not impossible they should find husbands, but they ought not to flatter themselves with such hopes; 'tis therein consists their folly.

There is no country in the world where the women tell their age truly. About a month since, a maid of forty-eight, and a wife of sixty-nine, went before a commissary to testify for a widow of their acquaintance whose virtue was questioned. The commissary first interrogated the married woman on her age, and tho' it was as plainly express'd in her forehead as in the church register, she yet boldly ventured to say she was but forty. He next interrogated the maiden; and you, madam, said he, how old are you? let's pass on to the other questions, Sir, answered she, for this is an improper one to put to us. You don't consider what you say, madam, reply'd the commissary; don't you know that in juridical cases the truth ought always to be told? no law obliges us to it, answer'd the maiden hastily. But then I cannot take your deposition, said he, if your age be not to

it, for it is a material circumstance. If 'tis absolutely necessary, reply'd she, look upon me intently, and put my age down according to your conscience. The commissary, without much examination, put her down twenty-eight. He then asked whether she had long known the widow : before her marriage, said she. Then I have mistaken your age, reply'd he, in setting you down but twenty-eight, for it is twenty-nine years since the widow was married. Well, Sir, returned the maid, write me down thirty then ; I might at a year old know the widow. That will not be regular, reply'd he, let us add a dozen. No indeed, interrupted she ; all that I can possibly afford to add is one year more, and I would not put a month more if it were to save my honour. When these two ladies were gone from the commissary's, the married woman said to the other, I wonder that impertinent fellow should take us for such fools as to tell our ages truly : 'tis not enough indeed that they are registered in our parish books, but the rude fellow would have them upon his papers, that all the world may

know them. Well, I bantered him sufficiently; I funk a good round twenty years upon him, and you have done very well in suppressing so many. What do you call so many? answer'd the maiden very smartly: you rally me, I am at most but five and thirty. Hah! replied the other with an angry air, who do you tell so? I saw you born; 'tis a long time since indeed: I remember I saw your father die; he was not young, and he hath been dead about forty years. Oh my father, my father, hastily interrupted the virgin, enrag'd at the other's freedom; betwixt you and I, when my father married my mother he was so old he was not able to get children.

I observe in the same house, continu'd Asmodeo, two men who are not over wise. One of them is a pusher of his fortune, that goes every day to the levees of great lords, and is fool enough to believe they remember what he says to them a quarter of an hour afterwards. The other is a foreign painter, who draws women after the life: he is a great artist, he paints well, draws correctly, and hits

a likeness extraordinary well, but does not flatter ; and yet is so vain as to think he shall be crouded with business. *Inter stultos referatur.* How, said the scholar, you speak Latin to a miracle ! Ought you to wonder at that, said the devil ; I speak all languages in perfection, even not excepting that of Athens, which I speak a hundred times better than a certain set of men who at present value themselves on speaking it well, and yet I am neither the greater fool, nor the vainer for it.

Cast your eye into that great house on the left hand, on a melancholy lady surrounded by several women who watch with her. 'Tis the widow of an officer of the treasury, who is over-run with an affectation of nobility : she has this day made her will, by which she bequeaths her immense riches wholly to persons of the first quality ; not that she so much as knows any one of them, but only for the sake of their great titles. She was ask'd whether she would not leave something to a certain person who had done her considerable services : alas, no, answer'd

she, and I am concern'd at it: I am not so ungrateful as not to own that I have obligations to him; but he is but a yeoman, and his name would disgrace my will.

Signior Asmodeo, interrupted Don Cleofas, I beg you would inform me whether that old man whom I see reading so hard in a closet, may not perhaps deserve to be placed here? He deserves it beyond dispute, answer'd the daemon. He is an old licenciado in divinity, he is reading a proof of a book he has at the press. The subject must certainly be moral or divine, said the scholar: no, replied the devil, 'tis a miscellany of lewd poems which he has written; instead of burning them, or at least suffering them to die with their author, he prints them in his life-time, for fear his heirs should not be inclin'd to publish them after his death; or out of regard to his character, should deprive them of all their salt and spirit.

In the neighbourhood of that licensee, I see one of the best authors you have. He has an excellent genius; his

works abound with the Attic salt; they are sprinkled all over with noble and shining thoughts: he does not want new turns: his expressions are bold, and always happy. Let's pass on to his neighbour. 'Tis a man——Oh, not so fast, precipitately interrupted Don Cleofas; you have said nothing but what is excellent of this author, and yet have shewn him to me amongst the fools. That is indeed true, reply'd the devil; I forgot his fault. When he reads his performances, he stops at all those places which seem to him to deserve applause, to leave his auditors time to give it him, and withal have the pleasure himself of tasting all their excellencies.

Observe in that house on the right, three persons drinking chocolate: one of them is a count who sets up for a lover of polite learning: the other is his brother, a licenciado; and the third is a wit, that hangs on 'em. They are always inseparable, and never visit asunder. The count's sole business is to praise himself; that of the licenciado, or young divine, to praise his elder brother and himself:

but the wit's business is of a larger extent, he praises both of them, intermixing his own commendations with theirs.

I was going to pass by a simple woman, I discover in a little house. She is so much possessed with her very little merit, that she is drawing up a list of her lovers, in which she inserts all men in general who ever spoke to her. About two paces farther I discern a rich batchelor, tainted with a very particular folly. He lives frugally, tho' 'tis neither for mortification, nor sobriety : but to amass riches. For what ? To distribute in alms ? No. He buys pictures, rich furniture, jewels, china and bawbles ; not to enjoy the use of 'em during his life, but only to make a figure in his inventory. What you tell me is unnatural and forced, interrupted Don Cleofas. Is there really a man in the world of this character ? Yes, I tell you, replied the devil, he is one of that sort of madmen. Does he, for instance, buy a very fine scrutore ; he causes it to be pack'd up neatly, and locked up in his garret, that it may appear perfectly new to the brokers who are to buy it after

his death. In short, he pleases himself with the thoughts that the inventory of his goods will be admir'd.

With this batchelor lives an author, who succeeds very well in a grave way of writing; and is only fit for what he now does: yet he believes himself capable of every thing; and will not write plays, because, says he, my comedy would be too sublime to please the pit. If he said too cool, I should take a special care how I ranked such a sensible man amongst the fools and madmen.

Should I, Don Cleofas, attempt to shew you all those who deserve to be shut up, I should never have done. Wherefore, to vary the pleasures I intend you, I will carry you to another place, and divert you with different objects. But before we quit where we are, I must hint to you a certain author, which I have just now found. He is a perfect master of the Greek and Roman authors, from whom he borrows all the thoughts which he puts in his works; and yet he believes himself to be an original, and allows none to be plagiaries, but those who

steal from Lopez de Vega, Carpio, or Pedro Calderon.

C H A P. XII.

The LOVERS.

I MUST confess, says Cleofas, the observations you have made are very instructive, but tend to things for which a man of my age and complexion has but little relish. You are to remember 'twas a love-adventure brought me into the honour of your conversation; and, dear Cupid, since you preside over that passion, confine your discourse to what you are master of. Shew me then the joys and anxieties, the politics and follies of lovers, if you would improve me in a real useful knowledge. I should be shy, said the daemon, of giving you that information, for fear of losing a votary, did not I know it is an inseparable quality in lovers to see and yet indulge their misery and weakness, for which reason I am under no apprehension of your growing wiser from the folly of others.

But prithee, quoth the scholar, before you go any further, let me know what that gentleman is, who is striking fire at his tinderbox; do you observe yonder, how he appears and vanishes as the sparks fly about him. That vigilant person, reply'd Asmodeo, is a lover, who has been this evening in his mistress's company. She, in her discourse on indifferent things, began two or three censures with an accustomed phrase of hers, "There are some people in the world." This he took no notice of at the time she spoke it; but upon second thoughts in his own lodgings, very wisely discover'd that she meant him by that ambiguous expression. After taking several turns in his chamber, he call'd for pen, ink and paper, kick'd his footman down stairs, and resolv'd to tell his mistress plainly he knew whom she aim'd at in her late reflections. He had not gone thro' the first line of his letter, before he was interrupted by a sudden thought which set all things right again, convinc'd him that his suspicions were groundless, and that he was still in her good

graces. He immediately grew the most satisfy'd man in the world, went to bed in the height of good humour, gave his man a crown, and bid him good night. What disaster, says Cleofas, can have befallen him since? He seems to blow his tinder in an unusual hurry; how his cheeks swell, and his eyes glare! 'Tis the most dreadful nightpiece I ever saw. You must know, says the daemon, he had compos'd himself with great tranquility for half an hour, and was just falling asleep, when he startled on a sudden, and bethought himself 'if she did not mean him, whom could she mean.' This threw him into so great a ferment, that he jump'd out of his bed, with a resolution to do something which yet neither he nor I know any thing of. I heartily pity the poor fellow, said Cleofas, for I find he loves in earnest. Had he not, reply'd the daemon, she had been his own before now; but 'tis the frailty of that weak sex to prefer an acted passion to a real one. That is a frailty, says the scholar, into which they may naturally fall. A personated lover can assume all the gra-

ces, and avoid all the imperfections of the passion. Disquietudes, jealousies and expostulations always accompany, but very ill recommend a heart thoroughly enamour'd. But look, the man has lighted his candle, and blown it out again. Ay, says the daemon, he was quieted the very moment he had lighted it, by calling to mind that he had one day heard his mistress say, nothing was so graceful in a man as an high forehead, which you may observe he has, to the apparent detriment of his chin, cheeks and eyes. On how slight a foundation is rais'd the good and evil of lovers ! cry'd Cleofas. Perhaps she who creates all this disorder is in perfect tranquility. That you shall see immediately, said Asmodeo : cast your eyes on the great house in the corner of the same street ; does not a watch-light discover to you a lady lying half out of her bed, and talking to a servant, who sits by her side ? You are to understand, by the way, that the woman of a lady in love never goes to bed 'till four in the morning. As soon as she has undress'd her, and laid her on her pillow, her bu-

finess of putting her to rest is but begun; for she is then to sit down by her, hear her sentiments of the humble servant, and confute all her suspicions of his infidelity or want of love; and by that time the good lady is ten times thoroughly convinc'd, and her maid as often perjur'd, in hopes to be dismiss'd, the story is to begin again. The present anguish of our wakeful vestal is occasion'd by a merry tale that the gentleman in his shirt told her in their last conversation, which diverted her so much that she is afraid he has not grief at heart, who could talk with so much humour: this gives her a thousand fears, that he has broke his fetters; but she now receives comfort, the wench having almost persuaded her that the person for whom her ladyship has so much tenderness went away in very great disorder, and in all probability is at this moment upon the rack.

I know, by experience, says the scholar, there is nothing so disagreeable to one in her ladyship's condition as a state of indifference; your true lover must be

always giving either pleasure or pain. But who is that pretty creature sighing before her glass at this time of night? Why does she bite her lips, glance her eyes, and examine her face in so many different views? You know, said Asmodeo, the custom among you young fellows, of publishing a list every winter of the beauties who are to be the tyrants of the year, and have their healths drank by crouds of second-hand lovers, that never saw 'em, but are to be enamour'd by hearsay, and die for 'em because 'tis the fashion. The lady before us, after a reign of three years, was left out in yesterday's nomination, which is the subject of her present contemplation; wherein she appeals to her glass from the injustice of the electors. To be reveng'd on the town, sometimes she is resolved to marry a faithful lover she has long laugh'd at, and spend the remainder of her life in devotion; but upon surveying herself more narrowly, she finds things are not come to that extremity, and now intends to dress, and try the fortune of her features in all public places for one year

more, in order to revive her pretensions against the next election. But we must not dwell so long on particulars, if you would have an idea of the extent of my command ; you see my followers in every quarter of the city.

Yonder's a young lady getting out of a window, to run away with her father's footman ; and at that corner is a lord attending with a coach and six, to steal a mantua-maker's journey-woman. The gentleman you see in the porch has made an assignation to meet his mistress in that place to-morrow morning at seven, and in order to it took his station there at ten last night. Excuse interruption, said the scholar ; pray tell me the circumstances of the person yonder that lies on his back with his hands lifted up, and his head erected, like a figure on a tomb ; he seems falling asleep in an act of devotion. 'Tis the only person I have seen well employ'd ; he is taken up much better than in these vanities. Nothing less, answer'd the daemon ; he lies motionless, as you see, that a plate of black-lead on his forehead may have its due effect in

preserving it smooth. His hands are ty'd up, that they may be white in the morning; and his waste brac'd in with an iron-bodice, to preserve his shape. In this extraordinary posture he is calling upon cruel Belinda, and amidst a thousand cutting reflections on the ill success of his passion, it is no small mortification to him, that by the itching of the left side of his nose, he finds he shall have a pimple there before morning.

But pray tell me, says Cleofas, the history of that studious gentleman that stands in his night gown looking upon his candle. He rubs his head, as if it teem'd with some extraordinary project. Hah! my old friend Leandro, says the daemon, are you there? This gentleman, says he, turning to Cleofas, about fifteen years ago, fell in love with a young widow, who did not discourage his addresses. He's a good-natur'd sensible fellow, and fond to death of his fair idol; but at the same time so over-run with modesty that he can't find courage enough to reveal his passion, and ask her consent. She has given him a thousand opportuni-

ties of breaking it to her, and he has made as many resolutions of doing it the next time he sees her, but they are no sooner left together, but he falls into confusions and palpitations, looks like an ass, and wishes somebody would come into the room to disembarrafs him, and spoil an opportunity that perhaps he has long'd for several months before. She took him yesterday into the fields. The lover, who would have given half his estate for so favourable an occasion, fell praising the prospect, and after a great many efforts to enter on the grand affair, resolv'd to put it off to another time. His passion began in the year 1692, and in 1695 was in a fair way, had he press'd it; ever since that time he has been endeavouring to communicate his heart, but it fails him, and 'tis very probable he may be pass'd the functions of love before he has courage enough to make it. This would have been a rare fellow to have made love before the deluge, says Cleofas; a man might then have languish'd an hundred years for a girl, and afterwards, upon her disdain, have had

two or three centuries of youth to take in ; but at present, courtship, marriage, and consummation are drawn into a span. We must huddle up our amours as soon as possible, if we intend to taste the sweets of 'em. But, said Asmodeo, commend me to that busie gentleman whom you see writing in a pensive posture. He is a passionate lover, that is, an angry one : an honest soul, that shews his sincerity to his mistress, by never disguising his resentments. This morning he took the innocent freedom of shaking her by the shoulder, and calling her a dirty baggage ; upon which, after having deliberated whether he ought to hang himself, or beg her pardon, he has just now finish'd a penitential letter to her, wherein he subscribes himself the vilest of men, and most miserable of lovers.

Unhappy wretch ! let him go sleep, if he can, said the scholar ; but I grow sick with looking upon fools so like myself. You'd oblige me more, if you'd show me the weakness of the enemy, and let me see, that with all these disadvantages, we are equal to the sex we have to deal

with. There is hardly one of them, said the devil, who does not destroy, by her insolence, the passion she raises by her beauty.

Yonder's a wife on her bed fast asleep, that has given orders to her maid not to let in her husband, 'till she has call'd her up to rattle him for making her sit up so late : in that tavern you may see the good man calling for another bottle, because he's afraid of going home at so ill an hour. There's a merchant's heiress who languish'd for the honour of being noble, and is transported with the pleasure of taking place of her old acquaintance all day, tho' every night she is kick'd out of bed by her lord for being born a cit, and paying his debts. A little farther you may see a private gentleman that's marry'd to a dutchess, but divorc'd for a fortnight for offering to lay hands on her grace's linen, without mentioning her title.

There's a gaming lady just come home from losing 500 l. at Ombre; she can't go to bed 'till her maid has brought her a pack of cards, and wakes her hus-

band to shew him how she lost the last game ; thea falls into a passion, goes raving to bed, and rails at the good man all night for not getting a place at court.

If you had as good ears as I, you would hear that lady, who frisks to and fro in her apartment with so much uneasiness, cry coxcomb, fop, clown, novice, at every little stop she makes in her walk. Her misery is, that according to form, she told a plain fellow with a good estate, who propos'd himself to her, she wonder'd he could make her such an offer, and solemnly protested she could never like him : the swain believ'd her, and is gone to his country seat ; upon which she is now casting about, by what means to explain to the rustick the nature of gallantry, and make him understand, that a man's profession of love, and a woman's refusal, in this refin'd age, are equally meer words.

But I observe a lady, who of all I have seen, said Cleofas, touches me with the greatest compassion ; her streaming eyes, and dishevel'd hair, speak a perfect Mag-

dalen : what can be her distress ? who could be so barbarous to a creature made up of so much softness ? that disconsolate dame, quoth Asmodeo, was three hours ago one of the greatest coquets in Madrid, and is breaking her heart too late for want of knowing it time enough. She had long lov'd a gentleman of merit, but play'd with his passion and her own by so many repeated slights, that he grew tir'd of the chase, and yesterday dispos'd of himself to another. 'Tis for this reason that she abandons herself this night to prayer and harts-horn, and intends to morrow to shut herself up in a nunnery for ever. It would be endless to show you the vanities of the sex ; their thoughts, words and actions, tend only to show and ostentation, for which they sacrifice their liberty, and all the pleasures of life. Look at the sumptuous apartment in that palace, and the wrought bed which reaches up to the roof of it : don't you see in it an old man just fallen asleep, and by his side a beautiful young lady looking at a picture in miniature. The avarice of her mother tore her from the young gallant,

whose figure she is contemplating, to bury her in the embraces of one she loaths. And now all the hopes she has left is, to lay her old man in his winding-sheet, and one day or other come into the arms of her first love. At the next house is a more diverting sight: the brute who staggers into that chamber is reeling to the bed of that delicate creature, whom her prudent parent prostituted to his embraces. The beastly sot was rival to one of a very agreeable character; their fortunes were equal, but I dare say you'll laugh at the merit which prefer'd this worthy to the choice of the provident mother. You must know he had a pigeon-house upon his estate, which the other wanted. This turn'd the balance in his favour, and determin'd the fate of that unfortunate lady. If you can show us only unhappy effects of this passion, said Cleofas, I must desire you'd entertain me with another set of objects. Don't be discourag'd, answer'd the daemon, at the prospects I have laid before you. There are in nature pleasing amours and happy marriages, but these are not to be look'd

for in Madrid. To give you a sight of happy pairs, I should transport you to solitudes and retirements, where love is a stranger to art and gallantry, and lives amidst its own natural sweets, complacency, mutual esteem, and eternal constancy; without being diverted by the false appearances, which under the colour of advancing its enjoyments, vitiate the true relish of 'em. 'Tis when we spirits behold mortals in this condition, that we suffer our greatest pangs of envy, and wish for flesh and blood, to taste the gratifications bestow'd upon 'em.

C H A P. XIII.

Of the Tombs.

ASMODEO, resolv'd to shew Don Cleofas some new things, carry'd him to another part of the city, and they fix'd on a lofty church fill'd with magnificent tombs. Let's here continue the thread of our observation, said the devil; and before we pursue our reflections on the living, lets for a few moments disturb the

repose of the dead bury'd in this church. Let's run thro' these sepulchres, detect what they conceal, and see wherefore they were erected.

The first of those eight tombs, which you see on the right hand, contains the corps of a young lover, who dy'd with grief for not being able to carry the prize at the ring. In the second is a miser, that starv'd himself with hunger; and in the third his heir, who two years after dy'd with excessive eating and drinking. In the fourth lyes a father, who could not survive the rape of his only daughter. In the next is a young man, who threw himself into a pleurisy by taking cooling physic. In that beyond him, are contain'd the sad remains of an officer, who after having faithfully serv'd his country, like another Agamemnon, at his return from the army found an Aegisthus in his house. The seventh covers an old maiden lady of quality, ugly and poor, whom grief and envy consum'd; and in the last rests the wife of an officer of the treasury, who dy'd with disgust for being oblig'd, in a

narrow street, to turn her coach to make way for that of a dutchess.

Who are they, said the scholar, in those five tombs on the left hand? I'll tell you, answer'd the devil: one of them contains the ridiculous conjunction of an old husband, and a young wife. The husband, when he marry'd her, had children by a former venter, and was just ready to have sign'd their ruin, when an apoplexy carry'd him off; and their mother-in-law, four and twenty hours after, dy'd with vexation, that he did not die two days latter. In the next lyes an old canon, too soon hurry'd out of the world by making his will when in perfect health, and reading it to his domestics, to whom, like a good natur'd master, he had bequeath'd several legacies. His cook, too impatient to stay for his, soon dispatch'd him. Beyond this imprudent canon lies a beautiful lady, sacrific'd to the suspicions of her jealous husband. In the fourth is a bigot, who lost his life by walking in his garden half an hour without an umbrella; and in the last is a devout lady,

that dy'd of the excessive use of phlebotomy, by way of precaution.

In the midst of all these stately tombs, said the devil, there are several persons very plainly inter'd, and amongst the rest a German, who dy'd by drinking three healths with tobacco in his glass, in a debauch; a Frenchman which lost his life for presenting (according to the civility of his nation) a lady with holy water at her entrance into the church, as he was going out of it. There lies a player, that by slow degrees consumed himself in envying those of his comrades, who kept their coaches, while he was obliged to go a foot. There is an actress, who overheating herself, in playing the part of a vestal-virgin, miscarry'd, and died of it behind the scenes; and next to her is interred a dramatic author, who suddenly died of envy, at the pit's clapping one of his friend's plays the first day.

Signior Asmodeo, said the scholar here, pardon me if I interrupt you to ask the reason of those piercing cries which deafen my ears. They proceed, answer'd the devil, from that fine house on the left

hand; where this very moment is acting one of the most melancholy scenes that ever was represented on the theatre of the world: fix your eyes on that deplorable spectacle. Ah, why, reply'd Don Cleofas, does that lady that tears her hair, and struggles in the woman's arms, appear so afflicted? look in the opposite apartment, return'd Asmodeo, and you will see the cause. Observe that man laid out on that stately bed; 'tis her husband, he is just dead, and she is inconsolable. Their story is very moving, and deserves to be written; I have a great mind to tell it you: you will oblige me, said the scholar; I am not less sensible of objects of compassion, than diverted by those of ridicule. 'Tis somewhat long, reply'd the devil, but too moving to be tiresome. He then began the relation in these terms.

C H A P. XIV.

Of the power of friendship. A story.

A YOUNG gentleman of Toledo, accompany'd by his valet de chambre, travell'd several long days journies from his

native country, to avoid the consequences of a tragical adventure. He was two little leagues from Valencia, when at the entry of a wood he met a lady descending hastily out of her coach. No veil cover'd her face, in which beauty shone in perfection. This charming lady seem'd so disturb'd and distracted, that the cavalier, concluding she wanted assistance, did not fail to tender her that of his courage. Generous unknown, said the lady, I embrace your offer; heav'n seems to have sent you hither to my assistance, and to avert the misfortune which I dread. Two gentlemen are met upon an appointment in this wood; I this minute saw them enter; I can tell you no more; but, if you please, follow me, and you shall know the whole. At the end of these words she flew into the wood, and the Toledan, leaving the care of his horse to his man, made after her as fast as he could.

They had scarce advanc'd an hundred paces before they heard the clashing of swords, and soon discover'd two men furiously engag'd. The Toledan ran to part them, which having done, partly by force

and partly by entreaty, he ask'd them the cause of their quarrel. Brave unknown, said one of the cavaliers, my name is Don Fadrique de Mendoca, and my adversary is Don Alvaro Ponce : we both love Donna Theodora, the lady which you accompany : she has always slighted our addresses, and notwithstanding all the tenderneſſes that love could ſuggeſt to pleaſe her, the obdurate fair would never treat us better. As for me, I deſign'd to continue her ſlave in ſpite of her indifference ; but my rival, inſtead of taking the ſame reſolution, ſent me a challenge. 'Tis true, interrupted Don Alvaro ; I concluded that if I had no rival, Donna Theodora might look on me ; wherefore I endeavour'd to take away the life of Don Fadrique, to rid myſelf of a man that oppos'd my felicity. Gentlemen, ſaid the Toledan, I don't approve your duelling ; 'tis an affront to Donna Theodora : 'twill ſoon be publiſh'd in Valencia that you have fought for her ; and your miſtreſs's honour ought to be dearer to you than your own repoſe and lives. Beſides, what advantage could the vanquiſher reap by

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his victory? after having expos'd his mistress's reputation, could he expect she would look on him with a favourable eye? ridiculous stupidity! take my advice, make a more noble effort on yourselves, more worthy the names that you bear: conquer these furious transports, and by an inviolable oath engage yourselves to subscribe the articles of accommodation which I shall propose to you. Your quarrel shall end without bloodshed. Hah! how? said Don Alvaro. This lady must declare, reply'd the Toledan, whether she will choose Don Fadrique or you, and the unhappy lover, far from arming against his rival, must leave him the field. I consent, said Don Alvaro, and swear by all that is most sacred to acquiesce in her choice, whether she determine in favour of me or my rival; for even that preference will be more supportable than the miserable uncertainty under which I now labour. And as for me, said Don Fadrique in his turn, I call heav'n to witness, that if the divine object which I adore does not pronounce in my favour, I will remove myself far distant from her

charms, and if I cannot forget her, at least will never see her more.

The Toledan then turning towards Theodora, madam, said he, 'tis in your power with one word to disarm these two rivals ; you need only declare whose constancy of the two you please to reward. Sir, answer'd the lady, search for another expedient to reconcile them : why should I be the sacrifice of their agreement ? I really value Don Fadrique and Don Alvaro, but I don't love either of them ; and it is unjust that to prevent the stain which their duelling might cast upon my honour, I should be oblig'd to give those hopes which my heart will never own. 'Tis too late to dissemble, madam, reply'd the Toledan ; you must declare yourself. Both these cavaliers are equally handsome, and I am certain you have more inclination for one than the other. I refer myself to the mortal agony in which I saw you. You misinterpret that fright, reply'd Donna Theodora ; the loss of either of these gentlemen would very sensibly touch me, and I should never give over blaming myself on that ac-

count, tho' I am only the innocent cause ; but if you saw me alarm'd, it was principally for my own reputation, which I knew would unavoidably suffer in the dispute.

Don Alvaro Ponce, who was naturally very fierce, at these words lost all patience : 'tis enough, said he very warmly ; since the lady refuses to end this dispute amicably, the sword shall immediately decide it ; upon which he aim'd a pass at Don Fadrique, who was prepared to receive it. The lady, rather affrighted by this action, than determin'd by her inclination, amaz'd cry'd out : hold, gentlemen, I will satisfy you ; if there be no other way to end an engagement in which my honour is concern'd, I declare that I give the preference to Don Fadrique de Mendoca.

She had no sooner ended these words, than the discarded Ponce, without uttering one syllable, immediately loosen'd his horse which was fasten'd to a tree, and retir'd, casting very angry looks at his rival and mistress. The happy Mendoca, on the contrary, was o'erwhelm'd

with joy ; sometimes he fell on his knees before Donna Theodora, at others he embrac'd the Toledan, and was utterly at a loss for expressions strong enough to represent the sentiments of gratitude with which he was throughly touch'd. In the mean time the lady returning to her natural temper, after the departure of Alvaro, began to reflect how anxious it would prove to her to suffer the addresses of a lover, whose merit tho' she really valu'd, yet withal for whom her heart had never been prepossess'd with any the least tenderness. Don Fadrique, said she, I hope you won't abuse the preference which I have given you ; you owe it to the necessity to which I was reduc'd, to declare betwixt you and Don Alvaro. My sentence is not owing to my valuing you much more than him, tho' I know very well he has not all the good qualities which you have, and I shall but do you justice by saying that you are the most compleat gentleman in Valencia. I will farther own to you, that the addresses of such a man as you might very well flatter a woman's vanity ; but

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how honourable soever it may be to me, I must tell you, I look upon them with so little relish, that you are really to be pity'd for loving me so tenderly as you appear to do. I will not yet deprive you of all hopes of touching my heart: my indifference, perhaps, may be only the effect of the yet remaining grief which seiz'd me a year since for the loss of Don Andrea de Cifuentes, my husband. Tho' we did not live long together, and he was of an advanc'd age, when my parents, dazzled with his riches, oblig'd me to marry him, yet was I very much afflicted at his death. I shall bemoan it all my life; and indeed did he not deserve my sorrow? He was not like those four jealous old men, who never being able to persuade themselves that a woman may be discreet enough, to excuse their weakness, continually watch all her motions, or entrust that charge to a duenna devoted to their tyranny. Alas, he had such an entire confidence in my virtue, as even a young husband, tho' ador'd, is scarce capable of. Besides, his compliance was endless; &

dare venture to say, that his sole care was to prevent me in all things which I seem'd to desire. Such was Don Andrea de Cifuentes ; you may then, Mendoca, easily judge, that 'tis not easie to forget a man of such an agreeable character. He is always present in my thoughts, which does not a little contribute doubtless, to turn them from fixing on whatever is done to please me.

Don Fadrique could not help interrupting Donna Theodora here. Ah ! madam, cry'd he, how happy am I to learn from your own mouth, that your former despising my addresses did not result from any aversion to my person. I hope you will one day yield to my constancy. 'Twill not be my fault if your passion does not succeed, reply'd the lady, since I allow you to visit me, and sometimes mention your love. Endeavour to make me relish your endearments ; use all your arts to make me love you. I will never conceal from you any favourable sentiments which I may have for you ; but if, after all your efforts, you can't compass your end, re-

member, Mendoca, that you will have no reason to blame me. Don Fadrique would have reply'd, but had not time, by reason the lady took the Toledan by the hand, and nimbly turn'd towards her equipage. He loosen'd his horse, which was ty'd to a tree, and leading him by the bridle, follow'd Donna Theodora, who mounted her chariot with as much precipitation as she had before descended from it, tho' the reason was utterly different. The Toledan and he accompany'd her on horseback to the gates of Valencia, where they parted. She went to her own house, and Don Fadrique carry'd the Toledan to his.

He made him sit down, and after having very well entertain'd him, he ask'd him what particularly brought him to Valencia, and whether he thought of making a long stay there. I shall continue here as little while as possible, answer'd the Toledan; I came this way only to go towards the sea-side, to embark in the very first vessel which sails from the coast of Spain, for I care not much in what part of the world I finish.

the course of an unfortunate life, provided it be far distant from these fatal climates. What is it can set you thus against your country, reply'd Don Fadrique, surpriz'd at the Toledan's discourse, and make you hate what all men naturally love? After what has happen'd, return'd the Toledan, my country is odious to me, and I aim at nothing in the world but to quit it for ever. Ah, Sir, said Mendoca, touch'd with compassionate concern, how impatient I am to know your misfortunes? If I can't relieve your pains I will share them with you. The air of your face has prepossess'd me in your favour; your deportment charms me, and I find myself strenuously interested in your fortune.

'Tis the greatest consolation which I am capable of receiving, Don Fadrique, answer'd the Toledan; and in some measure to acknowledge the affection which you have discover'd for me, I must also tell you, that when I saw you with Don Alvaro Ponce, my inclinations declar'd on your side. An internal motion, which I was never before sensible of at the first

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sight of any person, made me fear least Donna Theodora should prefer your rival, and I was touch'd with joy when she determin'd in your favour. You have since so much strengthen'd that first impression, that instead of hiding my uneasinesses I earnestly desire to lay them before you, and find a secret pleasure in the unbofoming myself to you. Attend then to the relation of my misfortunes.

Toledo is my native place, and Don Juan de Zarate my name; almost from my infancy I have lost those which gave me life, so that I began betimes to enjoy an annual estate of four thousand ducats, which they left me. My heart being at my own disposal, and believing myself rich enough not to consult any thing but my own inclination in the choice of a wife, I married a virgin perfectly beautiful, without reflecting on the meanness of her fortune, or the inequality of our conditions. I was charm'd with my felicity: and to give the greater relish to the pleasure of possessing the person lov'd, a few days after my marriage, I carry'd

her to an estate which I have some leagues from Toledo.

We liv'd there in a most agreeable union, when the duke of Naxera, whose seat is near my estate, came one day, when he was hunting, to refresh himself at my house. He saw my wife and fell in love with her : I suspected it at least ; but what fully convinc'd me of it, was, that he immediately made the most pressing instances in the world to obtain my friendship, which he never before set any value on. He introduc'd me to his hunting acquaintance, forc'd me to accept of several presents, and made me several offers of his service. Being immediately alarm'd by his passion, I intended to return to Toledo with my wife ; and doubtless that thought was inspir'd by Heav'n: for had I wholly depriv'd the duke of all opportunities of seeing her, I should have avoided those misfortunes which have fallen on me ; but my confident reliance on her virtue secur'd me. I thought it impossible for a woman I had marry'd without a fortune, and rais'd from a low con-

dition, to be so ungrateful as to forget my favours. Alas, what a wrong judgment did I make! Ambition and vanity, those two vices natural to the sex, were her greatest faults.

As soon as the duke had got an opportunity to discover his sentiments, she was secretly pleas'd at such an important conquest. The passion of a man adorn'd with the title of his excellence, tickled her pride; and fill'd her mind with extravagant chimera's: whence she began to value him more and me less; and all that I had done for her, instead of exciting her gratitude, serv'd only to render me contemptible in her eyes. She look'd on me as a husband unworthy of her beauty, and fancy'd that if this grandee, who was now conquer'd by her charms, had seen her before her being a wife, he had certainly marry'd her. Intoxicated by these foolish imaginations, and seduc'd by several engaging presents, she yielded to the duke's private and pressing importunities.

They frequently wrote to each other, without my ever suspecting their corre-

spondence ; but at last I was unhappy enough to be cur'd of that blindness. One day returning from hunting sooner than usual, I went into my wife's apartment, who did not expect me so soon. She had just receiv'd a billet from the duke, which she was preparing to answer : she could not hide her uneasiness from me. I trembled, and finding pen, ink and paper ready on a table, I concluded she had betray'd me. I press'd her to shew me what she was writing ; which she so absolutely deny'd, that I was oblig'd to use some violence to satisfy my jealous curiosity ; and notwithstanding all her resistance, I tore from her bosom a letter containing these words : ' Shall I for ever languish in expectation of a second ' interview ? How cruel are you to give ' me the most charming hopes, and thus ' long delay the fulfilling of them ! Don ' Juan goes every day a hunting, or to ' Toledo ; should we not make use of ' these opportunities ? Have more regard ' to the violent flames which consume ' me. Pity me, madam ; consider that ' if it be a pleasure to obtain our de-

'fires, 'tis a torment to wait long for the
'enjoyment of 'em.'

I could not read out this letter without the utmost transports of rage. I clapp'd my hand on my dagger, and at first was tempted to take the life of that faithless wife who had depriv'd me of my honour; but considering that would be only to revenge myself by halves, and that my resentment requir'd yet another victim, I conquer'd my rage, dissembled, and said to my wife, with the least disturbance possible; Madam, you were to blame to hearken to the duke; the lustre of his high quality ought not to have dazled your eyes; but young women are fond of pompous titles; I am willing to believe that this is all you've yet proceeded to, and that you have not yet done me the last injury; wherefore I excuse your indiscretion, provided you will return to your duty, and becoming thoroughly sensible of my tenderness, you will think of nothing more than to deserve it. After these words I retir'd to my apartment, as well to leave her to recover herself, as because I wanted some retire-

ment to cool my rage; which had sufficiently inflam'd me. If I could not recover my temper, I at least put on a very easie air for two days; and on the third pretending business of the last consequence to Toledo, I told my wife, that I was oblig'd to leave her for some time; and entreated her to take care of her honour during my absence.

I left her, but instead of going to Toledo, I privately return'd home at the beginning of the night, and conceal'd myself in the chamber of a faithful domestick, where I could see whoever enter'd my house. I did not doubt the duke's being inform'd of my departure, and concluded he would not miss the opportunity. I hop'd to surprize them together; and promis'd myself an entire vengeance; but I was deceiv'd in my expectation: for instead of finding my house preparing for the reception of a lover, I saw on the contrary the doors very close shut at their time; and three days passing without the appearance of the duke, or even any of his servants, I persuaded myself that my spouse repented her fault,

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and broke off all manner of communication with the duke.

Prepossess'd with this opinion, I lost all desire of revenge, and yielding to the motion of a love, which angry resentment had suspended, I flew to my wife's apartment, embrac'd her with transporting raptures, and said, Madam, I restore you all my esteem and tenderness. I have not been at Toledo : I pretended that journey only to try you. You ought to pardon a snare laid by a husband, whose jealousy was not groundless. I fear'd that your mind, seduc'd by splendid illusions, was not capable of undeceiving itself : but thanks to heav'n, you are sensible of your error, and, I hope, nothing for the future will ever disturb our good agreement.

My wife seem'd touch'd at these words ; and letting fall some tears, How unhappy am I, said she, to have given you reason to suspect my virtue ! Tho' I have to the last degree abhorr'd that fault which so justly irritated you against me, my eyes have in vain kept from closing these two days to make way for my

tears ; yet for all my grief, and all my remorse, I shall never regain your entire confidence in me. I restore it you, madam, said I, perfectly softened by the sorrow which she express'd ; I will no more remember what is past, since you so sincerely repent. Accordingly from that very moment I had the same regard for her as before, and began again to taste those pleasures which had been so cruelly interrupted. The relish of them was heighten'd ; for my wife, as tho' she resolv'd to efface out of my mind all the marks of the injury she had done me, was much more solicitous to please me than ever. I found her caresses more tender, and almost rejoyc'd at the discontent which had occasion'd this happy change.

I then fell ill, and tho' my disease was not dangerous, 'tis not to be imagin'd what fears my wife discover'd. She staid all day with me, and in the night, I being in a separate apartment, she constantly came two or three times to satisfy herself how I was. She seem'd extremely solicitous to prevent all the assistance I

wanted, and her life seem'd to be inseparable from mine. On my side, I was so sensible of all the marks of tenderness which she gave me, that I could not help testifying my acknowledgement of them to her, and yet, Mendoca, they were not so sincere as I imagin'd.

One night, when I began to recover, my valet de chambre wak'd me : My lord, said he, very much confus'd, I am sorry I am oblig'd to disturb your repose ; but I am too faithful to conceal what is now acting in your house. The duke of Naxera is with my lady. I was so stupify'd at this news, that for some time I look'd on the fellow, without being able to speak. The more I thought of what he told me, the less I believ'd it. No, Fabio, cry'd I, 'tis impossible that my wife should be guilty of such a horrid perfidious crime ! You are not sure of what you say. My lord, reply'd Fabio, would to God it was possible for me to doubt of it ; but I am not deceiv'd by false appearances. Ever since your indisposition, I have suspected the duke's being every night introduc'd into my lady's apart-

ment. I hid myself to remove my suspicions, and am but too well convinc'd that they are just.

At these words, I rose distracted with rage; took my night-gown and sword, and made directly to my wife's apartment, accompany'd by Fabio, who lighted me.

At the noise of our entrance, the duke who sat on the bed rose, and catching a pistol from his girdle fir'd at me; but with such great confusion and precipitation, that he miss'd me. I then violently rush'd upon him, and run him into the heart; after which I address'd myself to my wife, who was rather dead than alive: And thou, said I, infamous wretch receive the reward of all thy falsehoods. At these words I plung'd my sword, yet reeking with her lover's blood, into her breast. I condemn my passion, Don Fadrique, and own I might have sufficiently punish'd a perfidious wife, without taking away her life; but what man could keep his reason entire in such a conjuncture? Paint to yourself all the demonstrations of tender love which this false

woman made ; represent all the circumstances, the enormity of the treason, and judge whether a husband, fir'd by a just rage, ought not to be pardon'd her death.

To conclude so tragical a story in two words ; after having fully satiated my vengeance, I dress'd myself with utmost haste, concluding that I had no time to lose, that the duke's relations would hunt for me all over Spain, and that the interest of my family not being sufficient to balance that of theirs, I should never be safe 'till gotten into a foreign country : wherefore I selected two of my best horses, and with all the money and jewels I had, left my house before day, follow'd by the servant who has so well approv'd his fidelity. I chose the road to Valencia, designing to put myself on board the first vessel bound for Italy ; and this day passing near the wood where you were, I met Donna Theodora, who entreated me to follow her, and endeavour to part you.

After the Toledan had done, Don Fadrique said : Don Juan, your revenge on the Duke of Naxera was just, don't therefore disturb yourself at the pursuit his re-

lations may make: you shall, if you please, stay with me, 'till an occasion offers to embark for Italy. My uncle is governor of Valencia, and you will be safer here than any where else, and will besides be with a man who desires for the future to be engaged to you by the strictest ties of friendship. Don Juan answer'd Mendoca in terms full of acknowledgment, and accepted the offer'd refuge.

The power of sympathy is very surprising, Don Cleofas, pursu'd Asmodeo; these two young cavaliers were touch'd with such a mutual affection for one another, that in a few days it created a friendship betwixt them, as intire as that of Orestes and Pylades. Besides the equality of their merit, there was such a harmony in their humours, that whatever pleas'd Don Fadrique, the other could not dislike. They both made up but one character, and they were made to love one another. Don Fadrique, who above all was enchanted with the deportment of his friend, could not forbear boasting of it every moment to Theodora.

They both frequently visited that la-

dy, who continually look'd on Mendoca's addresſes with indifference, at which he was extremely mortify'd, and complain'd of it to his friend: who told him, to comfort him, that the moſt inſenſible women ſuffer themſelves to be touch'd at laſt: that nothing was wanting to lovers, but patience enough to wait the favourable time: that he ſhould not be diſcourag'd: that his lady, ſoon or late, would regard his ſervices. This advice, tho' founded on experience, did not encourage the faint-hearted Mendoca, who very much fear'd he ſhould never be able to pleaſe the widow Cifuentes; and this fear threw him into ſuch a languiſhing condition, as excited pity in Dñ Juan, who was ſoon after in a more deplorable ſtate himſelf.

What reaſon ſoever the Toledan had to be diſguſted againſt the ſex, after the horrible falſity of his wife, yet he could not help loving Donna Theodora: tho' he was ſo far from abandoning himſelf to a paſſion which injur'd his friend, that he only thought of ſtruggling againſt it; and fully perſuaded that he could not better

conquer it, than by keeping at a distance from those eyes, which occasion'd it, he resolv'd never to see the widow Cifuentes again. Accordingly, whensoever Mendoca would have carry'd him with him, he always found some pretext to excuse it. But Don Fadrique never made one visit to the lady, that she did not ask why Don Juan had left off coming thither. One day when she put that question, he answer'd smiling, that his friend had his reasons. Hah ! what reasons can he have to avoid me ? said Donna Theodora. Madam, return'd Mendoca, when I desir'd him to come along with me this day, and express'd some surprize at his refusal, he told me in confidence, what I am oblig'd to reveal to you to excuse him ; 'twas, that he had engag'd a mistress, and that not having long to stay in this city, his moments were precious.

I can't be satisfy'd with this excuse, reply'd the widow Cifuentes blushing ; lovers are not allow'd to abandon their friends. Don Fadrique observing Donna Theodora's changing colour, thought it only owing to her vanity, and believ'd

that spight to see herself neglected, was the cause of her blushing: but his conjecture was wrong. A more violent impulse than that of vanity, occasion'd the motions which she betray'd; but for fear of his discovering her sentiments, she turn'd the discourse, and affected a gaiety during the rest of their conversation, which would have thrown the blame on his discernment, if he had not soon perceiv'd the alteration.

As soon as the widow Cifuentes was alone, she turn'd extremely thoughtful. She then felt the utmost force of her passion for Don Juan, and imagining herself worse recompenc'd than she really was: how cruel and unjust, said she sighing, is that power which delights in inflaming disagreeing hearts; I don't love Don Fadrique, and he adores me; and I burn for Don Juan, whose thoughts are taken up by another! Ah, Mendoca, no more reproach my indifference; thy friend has sufficiently reveng'd it. At these words, struck with a quick sense of grief and jealousy, she dropp'd several tears; but hope, which assuages lovers pains, soon

represented various flattering images to her mind. It suggested to her, that perhaps her rival might not be dangerous : that Don Juan might not be less seized by her charms, than amus'd by her favours, and that 'twas no hard matter to get rid of such feeble ties. But to enable her to judge herself what she ought to believe of the Toledan, she was resolv'd to speak with him in private. She sent for him, he came, and when they were alone, Donna Theodora thus began.

I never thought that love could make a well-bred man forget the complaisance due to the ladies ; and yet, Don Juan, since you have been in love, you avoid my house, for which I think I have reason to complain : but I am yet willing to believe that 'tis not of your own accord that you fly me ; perhaps your lady may have forbid you seeing me. Confess it to me, Don Juan, and I will excuse it. I know lovers actions are not free ; they dare not disobey their mistresses. Madam, answer'd the Toledan, I grant that my conduct ought to surprize you ; but let me beg of you not to put me to justifi-

fy it. Satisfy yourself with knowing that I have reason to avoid you. What can that reason be? reply'd Donna Theodora, not a little mov'd, I desire you would tell it me. Well, madam, reply'd Don Juan, you must be obey'd; but I shall not pity you, if you hear more than you desire to know.

Don Fadrique, adds he, has related to you the adventure which oblig'd me to quit Castile. In my travelling to Toledo, with a heart full of resentment against women, I defy'd the whole sex ever to surprize me. With this fierce disposition I approach'd Valencia, I met you, and what perhaps no other man has been able to do, I sustain'd the first sight of you without being mov'd. I even look'd on you again afterwards with impunity; but alas, how dear I pay'd for a few resolute days! you at last conquer'd my resistance; your beauty, wit and charms have exercis'd themselves on a rebel; in a word, I have all the love for you, which you are capable of inspiring. This, madam, is what keeps me from you. The lady which you were told monopoliz'd

my thoughts, is but an imaginary one; and I only feign'd the making Mendoca my confident, to prevent any suspicions I might raise in him, by my refusal to visit you along with him.

This unexpected discourse fill'd Donna Theodora with such an extraordinary joy, that she could not help discovering it. 'Tis indeed true she did not concern herself at all to hide it; but instead of arming her eyes with some sort of severity, looking on the Toledan with a very tender air, she said, you have told me your secret, Don Juan, and I will also discover mine. Insensible of the sighs of Don Alvaro Ponce, little mov'd at Mendoca's flames, I led an easie undisturb'd life, when chance brought you near the wood where we met. Notwithstanding the confusion I was in, I yet observ'd you offer'd me your assistance with a very good grace, and the way in which you parted the two furious rivals rais'd in me an advantageous opinion of your valour and address. But the means you propos'd to reconcile them displeas'd me. I could not without difficulty resolve on the

choice of either. But not to conceal any thing from you, I believe you had then a small share in my repugnance ; for at the very moment that my mouth, forc'd by necessity, named Don Fadrique, I felt my heart declare for the unknown cavalier. From that day, (which I may call happy, since you have own'd your passion) your merit augmented my value for you.

From you, continued she, I conceal no part of my thoughts, but impart them to you with the same frankness that I told Mendoca I did not love him. A woman who has the misfortune to conceive a passion for a person that can never love her, is in the right to restrain herself, and at least revenge her weakness by an eternal silence ; but I take it for granted, that I may without scruple discover an innocent tenderness to a man whose intentions are lawful : yes, I am in raptures to find you love me, and for that blessing render thanks to heav'n, which doubtless destin'd us for each other.

After these words the lady remain'd silent, to give Don Juan leave to speak, and room to discover those shining tran-

sports of joy and gratitude with which she believ'd she had inspir'd him ; but instead of appearing enchanted with what he had heard, he was profoundly thoughtful and melancholy. What do I see, Don Juan ? continu'd she. When to make you a fortune, which another would think worth enjoying, I forget the strict modesty of my sex, and shew you a soul charmed with you, can you resist the joy such an engaging declaration ought to raise in you ? you remain in a frozen silence, nay I see even grief in your eyes : ah, Don Juan, what strange effects have my favours produc'd !

Alas ! what other effects, madam, interrupting her with a melancholy air, said the Toledan, could they produce on a heart like mine ? the greater degrees of passion you discover for me, so much the more miserable I am. You are not ignorant what Mendoca has done for me, and know the sacred friendship in which we are mutually engag'd. Can I then found my happiness on the ruins of his most charming hopes ? you are too nice, said Donna Theodora, I never promis'd Don

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Fadrique any thing which can obstruct my offering you my faith without incurring his censure, and your receiving it without injustice. I own that the thoughts of an unhappy friend ought to give you some uneasiness ; but, Don Juan, can that counterbalance the happy fate which attends you ? yes, madam, reply'd he warmly ; such a friend as Mendoca has more power over me than you imagine. If you could conceive all the tenderness and force of our friendship, what a miserable object of pity would you find me ? should I thus treat Don Fadrique, who has hidden nothing from me ? my interests are become his, and the least concerns of mine never escape his vigilant care ; to say all in a word, I share his soul with you. Alas ! had I been destin'd to accept your favours, you should have shew'd them before I had enter'd into such strict bonds of friendship : then, charm'd with the happiness of pleasing you, I should have look'd on Mendoca with no other eyes than those of a rival ; my heart, guarded against the affection he express'd for me, would not have return'd it, and I

should not have had those obligations I have at present to him. But, madam, 'tis now too late ; I have receiv'd all the services he could render me ; I have follow'd the inclination I had for him ; gratitude and affection have ty'd me up so close, and at last reduc'd me to the cruel necessity of renouncing the glorious fortune which you offer me.

Here Donna Theodora, whose eyes were cover'd with tears, dry'd them up with her handkerchief. This disturb'd the Toledan ; he felt his resolution shaken and decaying ; wherefore he said, with a voice continually interrupted with sighs, adieu, madam, adieu ; I must fly, to preserve my virtue ; I cannot bear your tears, they render you too formidable. I separate myself from you for ever, and deplore the loss of so many charms which my inexorable friendship forces me to sacrifice. These words ended, he retir'd with the poor remains of constancy, which were not a little difficult to retain.

After his departure the widow Cifuentes was agitated by a thousand confus'd emotions. She was asham'd of having de-

clar'd herself to a man whom she could not keep. Yet finding no room to doubt but his passion was equal to hers, and that the interest of his friend alone was what made him refuse the hand she offer'd, she was so just as to admire so very rare an instance of friendship, instead of being offended at it. Notwithstanding which she could not avoid being afflicted at missing her desir'd success, wherefore she resolved for the country on the next day, to divert her melancholy or rather to augment it; for solitude naturally tends rather to strengthen than weaken love.

Don Juan, on the other side, not finding Mendoca in his apartment, lock'd himself up in his own, abandoning himself wholly to his grief; for after what he had done for his friend, he thought he might be allow'd at least to sigh. But Don Fadrique soon came to interrupt his thoughtfulness; and concluding by his face that he was indispos'd, he discover'd no small concern: so that Don Juan, to remove it, was forc'd to assure him he wanted nothing but rest. Mendoca in

stantly left him to his repose, but with such an afflicted air, as more sensibly touch'd the Toledan with his misfortune. O heav'n, said he to himself, why must the most tender friendship in the world occasion all the misery of my life !

The following day Don Fadrique was not yet risen, when word was brought him that Donna Theodora and her whole family were gone to her seat of Villa Real, from whence it was not probable they would soon return. This news less disturb'd him on the pains he knew he should suffer by the distance of his belov'd object, than that her departure was made a secret to him. Without knowing what to think, he took it for an ill presage. He rose to visit his friend, as well to talk with him concerning it, as to enquire after his health. But having just got dress'd, Don Juan enter'd his chamber, saying ; I come myself to remove the uneasiness I gave you ; I am very well to day. That good news, answer'd Mendoca, a little consoles me, after the ill I have receiv'd. The Toledan ask'd what that was, and Don Fadrique, after send-

ing away his servants, said, Donna Theodora is this morning gone into the country, where 'tis believ'd she intends a long stay. I am very much surpriz'd at it; why should she hide it from me? what think you of it, Don Juan? have not I reason to be alarm'd at it?

The Toledan carefully avoided telling him his real sentiments, and endeavour'd to persuade him that Donna Theodora might go out of town, without giving any reason for his fears. But Mendoca, very little satisfy'd with the reasons which his friend gave to hearten him, interrupted him: all this discourse, said he, cannot remove the jealousy I have conceiv'd. Perhaps I may imprudently have done something which may have displeas'd Donna Theodora, and to punish it, she leaves me without condescending so far as to let me know my crime. However 'tis, I can't live in this uncertain condition; Don Juan, let's follow her, my horses shall be ready instantly. I advise you, said the Toledan, not to take any person with you: this explanation of her conduct ought to be without witness.

ses. Don Juan will not be accounted more than proper, reply'd Don Fadrique; Donna Theodora is not ignorant that you know all that passes in my heart. She values you; and far from being an obstacle, you'll be assisting in the appeasing her in my favour. No, Don Fadrique, reply'd he, my presence cannot be serviceable to you; I therefore conjure you to go alone. No, dear Don Juan, return'd Mendoca, we will go together, I expect this complaisance from your friendship. How tyrannical is that! cry'd the Toledan with an air of grief; why do you exact from my friendship what it ought not to grant you?

These words, which Don Fadrique did not comprehend, and the warmth with which they were utter'd, strangely surpriz'd him. He look'd very intently on his friend. Don Juan, said he, what is the meaning of those words I have just heard? what horrid suspicion rises in my mind! ah, you too much afflict me by your too great constraint! speak; what is the cause of the unwillingness to go along with me, which you express'd? I

would willingly hide it from you, answer'd the Toledan; but since you yourself force me to discover it, I must no longer conceal it. Let us never more, Don Fadrique, applaud the sympathy of our affection; it is but too perfect. The beauty which has wounded you, has not spar'd your friend. Donna Theodora—you will then be my rival! interrupted Mendoca turning pale. Ever since I discern'd my love, return'd Don Juan, I have struggled against it. I have continually avoided the sight of the widow Cisfuentes, you know it, and yourself have blam'd me for it: I triumph'd at least over my passion, tho' I could not destroy it; but yesterday that lady sent to acquaint me, that she desir'd to speak with me at her house. I went; she ask'd why I seem'd to avoid her. At last I was forc'd to discover the true cause; believing that after that declaration she would approve my intention of always flying the sight of her; but by a fantastical turn of my ill stars: shall I tell you? yes, Mendoca, I must tell you, I found Donna Theodora strongly prepossess'd with a passion for me.

Tho' Don Fadrique was the best natur'd and most reasonable man in the world, he was seiz'd with a fit of rage at these words ; and here interrupting his friend : Hold, Don Juan, said he, rather pierce my breast, than pursue this fatal recital. You are not contented with owning yourself my rival, but also inform me that she loves you : just Heav'n, what is it that you venture to impart to me ! You put our friendship to too severe a trial. But why do I say our friendship ? you have long since violated it by encouraging the perfidious sentiments you have now declared to me. How much was I mistaken ? I thought you generous and magnanimous, but find you a faithless friend, since you can entertain a passion which wounds me ; I am sinking under this unexpected blow, which I feel the heavier for being given by a hand — In the name of God, Mendoca, interrupted the Toledan in his turn, allow yourself a moment's patience ; I am not a false friend : hear me, and you will repent calling me by that odious name.

He then related what had pass'd between the widow Cifuentes and him; the tender owning of her passion, and the persuasions she us'd to engage him to yield without scruple to his love. He repeated his answer; and as he advanc'd in the relation of what a firm resolution he discover'd, by the same degrees Don Fadrique perceiv'd his anger to wear off. At last, adds Don Juan, friendship overcame love, and I refus'd to give my faith to Donna Theodora. She wept in angry despite; but, great God, how insupportable was the grief which her tears occasion'd! I can never remember them without trembling afresh at the danger I ran. I began to believe myself barbarous; and for some moments, Mendoca, my heart became unfaithful to you. I did not yet yield to my weakness, but escap'd those dangerous tears by a hasty flight. But 'tis not enough to have avoided this danger, it ought to be fear'd for the future; I must hasten my departure: I will no more expose myself to Theodora's eyes. After all this, will Don Fa-

drique any more accuse me of ingratitude and perfidiousness ?

No, reply'd Mendoca, embracing him, I return you all your innocence : my eyes are open, pardon the unjust reproaches of a lover who had lost all his hopes. Alas, ought I to think that Donna Theodora could see you long without loving you, and yielding to those charms whose power I myself have try'd ? You are a true friend ; I will no more charge my misery on any thing but fortune ; and far from hating you, I feel my tenderness for you increase each minute. Can you renounce the possession of Donna Theodora ! Can you offer up to Friendship such a sacrifice ! and must not I be touch'd with it ! Can you conquer your love, and shall not I make an effort to restrain mine ! I ought to equal you in generosity : Don Juan, follow the inclination which draws you ; marry the widow Cifuentes ; let my heart, if it will, sigh. You press me in vain, reply'd the Toledan ; I confess I have a violent passion for her ; but your repose is dearer

to me than my own happiness. Ought then, answer'd Don Fadrique, Donna Theodora's repose to be indifferent? Let's not flatter ourselves; the inclination she has for you decides my fate. Tho' you should remove yourself, tho' to yield her to me you should spend a deplorable life in far distant countries, I should be never the better for it: since, as she never yet was pleas'd with me, she never will: Heav'n has reserv'd her for you alone; she lov'd you from the first moment she saw you: in a word, she cannot be happy without you. Accept then the hand which she offers, accomplish her desires, and your own: leave me to my ill fortune, and don't make all three miserable, when one may exhaust all the rigour of destiny.

Asmodeo was here oblig'd to interrupt his discourse, to hearken to the scholar, who said, What you tell me is surprizing; are there really any people in the world of this extraordinary character? I see no friends in the world who don't quarrel, I don't say for such mistresses as Theodora, but even for

coquetting jilts. Can a lover renounce the object he adores, and by whom he is belov'd, for the sake of a friend? I don't believe it possible in nature, 'twill pass no where but in a romance. I agree with you, answer'd the devil, 'tis very uncommon; but 'tis not only to be found in romances, but in the sublime nature of man, and that since the deluge, in which compass I have known three instances of it, besides this. But to return to our story.

The two friends continu'd to sacrifice their passion, and the one resolving not to yield in point of generosity to the other, their amorous sentiments remain'd suspended for some days. They ceas'd to speak of Donna Theodora, they durst not mention her name. But whilst friendship thus triumph'd over love in the city of Valencia; love, as tho' he would revenge himself, reign'd at another place with a tyrannic sway, and forc'd an absolute obedience without the least resistance.

Donna Theodora abandon'd herself to that tender passion at her seat of Villa

Real, situate near the sea ; she incessantly thought of Don Juan, and could not but hope she should marry him, tho' she had no reason to expect it, after the rigid sentiments of friendship for Don Fadrique which he discover'd.

One day, after sun-set, as she was walking on the sea side with one of her women, she perceiv'd a small shalop just got to shore. At first sight there seem'd to be on board seven or eight very ill-look'd fellows ; but after having look'd on them nearer, and observ'd them with more attention, she concluded that she had mistaken masks for faces ; accordingly they were really mask'd, and arm'd with swords and bayonets. She trembled at their frightful aspects, and from thence fearing that the descent which they were going to make boaded no good, she return'd hastily towards her house. She look'd back from time to time to observe them, and perceiving that they were landed, and began to pursue her, she ran as fast as she could ; but not being so nimble footed, as Atalanta, and the mask'd men being strong and swift, they

overtook her at her own door, and there seiz'd her.

The lady and her women shriek'd out so loud that they drew some of the domestics thither, who alarm'd the whole house, and all Donna Theodora's footmen ran thither arm'd with forks and clubs. Whilst two of the lustiest of the mask'd gang, after having seiz'd in their arms the mistress and the maid, carried them to the shalop, mauer all their resistance, the remainder made head against the family, who began to press very hard upon them. The fight was long ; but at last the maskers succeeded in their enterprise, and regain'd their shalop, fighting as they retreated. 'Twas now time they should retire, for they were not embark'd before they saw coming from Valencia road four or five cavaliers, who rode full speed that way, and seem'd to fly to the relief of Donna Theodora. At this sight they made so much haste to get out to sea, that all the cavaliers endeavours were in vain.

These cavaliers were Don Fadrique and Don Juan. The first of them had

receiv'd a letter, by which he was advis'd, that 'twas reported by good hands that Don Alvara Ponce was at the isle of Majorca : that he had equipp'd a sort of tartane, and assisted by twenty men of desperate fortunes, had design'd to seize and carry off the widow Cifuentes, the first time she should be at her country seat. On this news the Toledan and he, with their valets de chambre, instantly set out; to acquaint Donna Theodora with this news. At a good distance they observ'd a very great number of people on the sea-shore, who seem'd engag'd against one another : and not doubting but that it was as they fear'd, they spurr'd on their horses full speed to oppose Don Alvaro's project. But whatever haste they could make, they arriv'd only soon enough to be witnesses of the rape which they design'd to have prevented.

In the meantime Alvaro Ponce, trusting to the success of his audacious attempt, made off from the coast with his prey ; and his shalop reach'd a small arm'd vessel, which expected him out at

fea. 'Tis not possible to be sensible of a greater sorrow than that which Mendoca and Don Juan felt. They pour'd out a thousand imprecations against the ravisher, and fill'd the air with complaints as lamentable as vain. All the domestics of Donna Theodora, animated by such excellent examples, did not spare their tears. The shore resounded with mourning cries; rage, despair, and desolation reign'd on the melancholy strand; nor did the rape of Helen occasion a greater consternation in the Spartan court.

C H A P. XV.

Of the broil betwixt a tragic and comic author.

H E R E the scholar could not help interrupting the devil: Signior Asmodeo, said he, tho' the story you are telling is extremely moving, yet I am not able to resist my earnest desire to know the meaning of what I there see. I discern two men in their shirts in a chamber, pulling and tearing each other by the hair, and several men in their night-gowns endea-

vouring to part them. Those persons whom you see fighting in their shirts, answer'd the devil, are two French authors ; and those who are parting them are two Germans, a Dutchman, and an Italian, lodg'd all in the same inn, which is frequented by none but foreigners.

One of these authors writes tragedies, and the other comedies. The first, attracted by his curiosity to see Spain, crouded himself into the French ambassador's retinue ; and the other, discontented with his circumstances at Paris, came to Madrid in quest of a better fortune ; and if these authors quarrel is really comical, the cause of it is much more so. The tragic poet is really a diverting original ; and has spoil'd a good genius by a slavish imitation of the antients. To keep his muse in breath, he writes every day. Not being able to sleep this night, he began a play, whose plot is taken from Homer's Iliad. He has finish'd but one scene ; and his least fault being that of the rest of the poets, an impertinent inclination to pester other people with their performances, he rises, snatches up his

candle, and in his shirt knocks very hard at the chamber door of the comic author, then asleep; but soon waking at the noise, he open'd the door to the other, who said, entering the room like a man possess'd, Fall down, my friend, fall at my feet, and adore a genius which Melpomene has honour'd. I have just brought forth some verses——But why do I say, I have just done it? 'Tis Apollo himself that dictated them to me. If I were at Paris, I would this day read them from house to house, and I wait only for day-light to charm Monsieur, the ambassador, and all the French at Madrid with them. But before I shew them to any body, I will repeat them to you.

○ I thank you for the preference, answer'd the comic author, with a powerful yawn; but the worst on't is, that you have chosen an unseasonable time, when I am so very sleepy, that I can't promise to hear all the verses you have to repeat without nodding. Oh, I'll answer for that, reply'd the tragic author; tho' you were dead, the scene which I have just

now written would revive you. My versification is not a rhapsody of stale common thoughts and trivial expressions, supported barely by rime; 'tis a noble masculine poem, which moves the heart, and strikes the intellect. I am none of those poetasters, those petty authors who publish the wretched trifles which result from their own barren genius: but I have drawn mine from the grand springs, and will venture a wager that I have not put one thought into my tragedies, which is not in some Greek author. I would not be understood to mean that I steal from the antients: no, but by vertue of reading the Sophocles's and the Euripides's, the Homers and the Pindars, I have render'd those great men so familiar to me, or rather my favourable stars so perfectly inspir'd me with their genius at the moment of my birth, that if by an uncommon misfortune we should lose the remains of their works which we now have, they would be found again in my writings. You shall judge yourself. But hear my tragedy. The death of Patroclus. Scene the first. Briseis and other

of Achilles's captives appear tearing their hair, and beating their breasts, to express their grief for the death of Patroclus. Wholly unable to support themselves, being utterly dispirited by despair, they fall down on the stage. This will be new and extremely moving; Phoenix, Achilles's governor, is with them, and opens the drama with these verses.

*Priam shall lose his Hector and his Troy;
Achilles to revenge his friend prepares:*

*See glittering thro' the air on every side,
Pikes, lances, helmets, cuirasses and darts.
The rattling hail in less abundance pours.
The Greeks all swear t' appease Patroclus
ghost.*

*Fierce Agamemnon, and divine Camelus,
Old honour'd Nestor, equal to the gods,
Leontes, dextrous at the manag'd spear,
Strong Diomede, and silver-tongu'd Ulysses,
And see! Achilles comes—godlike he drives
His steeds immortal towards Troy's proud
walls,*

And leaves the distanc'd winds far off behind;

*Then thus he shouting cries —O vigorous
race,*

*Podargus, Xanthus, Balius! quick advance!
And when with spoil and carnage we are
tir'd,*

*Haste to regain our camp,—but not with-
out your master.*

*Fleet Xanthus bows his neck, and thus re-
plies,*

*For Jūno gave him speech—Achilles, know,
Your faithful horses shall your will obey;
But your dark hour of fate is drawing near.
He spoke—and now the winged chariot*

*flies,
Th' exulting Greeks behold, and shouting
loud,*

*With sounds of joy shake all th' adjacent
coast.*

*Drest in Vulcanian arms the conqu'ring
prince*

*Appears more glitt'ring than the morning
star,*

*Or than the sun commencing his career;
When he moves on to bless the world with
day;*

*He flames like fires which on some mountain
top*

Are made at night by the rejoicing swains.

I stop here, continu'd the tragic au-

thor, to give you a moment's breathing ; for if I should repeat the whole scene at once, the too great multiplicity of shining passages and sublime thoughts would overcome you. Observe the beauty and justice of that comparison ; as bright as fires made on the top of a mountain at night. Every body won't discern it ; but you, who have wit and just sense, you, I say, ought to be ravish'd with it. I am, doubtless, answer'd the comic poet with a malicious smile ; nothing is so fine ; and I hope you will not forget in your tragedy, the care which Thetis took to drive away the flies from Patroclus's body. I assure you, replies the tragic author, 'tis the most proper incident in the whole play to furnish pompous lines.

All my works, added he, as you see, are stamp'd with the image of venerable antiquity ; and when I read them, observe how they are applauded ! I stop at every verse to receive their due praises. I remember I one day read a tragedy in a house at Paris where the countess of Vieillebrune was, who has an admirable delicate and nice taste, and scalding tears

trickled down her cheeks at the first scene.

At these words the merry comic author was ready to burst : ay, said he, I very well remember that countess's humour ; she is a woman who can't bear comedy ; she has such an utter aversion for it, that she runs out of the box as soon as the music has done, to vent all her grief. Tragedy is her favourite passion ; let the play be good or bad, provided there be unhappy lovers in it, you are sure of that lady's company ; and to be free with you, if I wrote serious poems, I should be glad of other applauders than her ladyship. Oh, I have others also, said the tragic poet, I have the approbation of the learned. I had rather have that of the pit, return'd the comic author. Fie, fie, reply'd the other, I don't write for the pit ; I labour only for the learned and the court ; I wish the pit would do justice ; that part of the audience has no manner of right to judge of my poems, which are above their jurisdiction : I wish it would content itself with the exercise of its tyranny in judging comedies.

which is its province. Comedies being but trifles, wretched, feeble productions of wit—Not so fast, good Sir, interrupted the other author, stop a little, if you please: do you know what you would be at? what, speak so contemptibly of comedy! do you believe a comic piece less difficult to write than a tragedy? or that 'tis easier to make well-bred people laugh than cry? undeceive yourself, and be assured that an ingenious subject, which turns on the manners of men, does not cost less pains than the finest heroic poem.

Igad, said the tragic poet with an air of raillery, I am surpriz'd to hear you express yourself thus: but, Monsieur Calidas, to avoid all dispute, I will for the future like your works, tho' I have hitherto despis'd them. I don't value your contempt, Monsieur Longicles, hastily return'd the comic author; and to answer your insolent airs, which you have also drawn from the grand springs, I will now tell you, in my turn, what I think of your works. The verses you have just recited are ridiculous, and the thoughts, tho' taken out of Homer, are neverthe-

less flat. Achilles talks to his horses, and his horses answer him; that's a mean, low image, as well as the comparison of the fire the peasants make on a mountain. To pillage the antients in this manner, is not to do them any honour; in your works you confound the beauties which time formerly respected, with those it had since destroy'd; and paint the manners of former ages, without accommodating yourself to the delicacy of our own. Your Greek authors indeed abound with admirable beauties, but more sense and better taste than you have is requisite to make a happy choice of what ought to be borrow'd from them. That is the difference betwixt the great Racine, and those, who, like you, render themselves ridiculous by keeping too scrupulously close to the Greek words.

Since your genius is not sufficiently elevated to discern the beauties of my poem, and to punish your rashness in presuming to criticize on my scene, you shall not hear a line more of it. I have been too severely punish'd, return'd Calidas, in hearing the beginning. It becomes you

indeed very well to despise my comedies! know then, that the very worst I could ever write, will always appear far superior to your best pieces. Assure yourself, 'tis much easier to take a flight, and soar on lofty subjects, than to hit upon a delicate nice raillery; and to prove that I am convinc'd of what I say, when I return to France, if I do not succeed in comedy, I will descend to the writing of tragedy.

For a farce scribler, interrupted the grave author, you have indeed a great deal of vanity. For a most wretched versifier, said the comic author, you have really an extravagant opinion of yourself. You are an insolent fellow, reply'd Longicles; I tell you, diminutive Monsieur Calidas, if I was not in your chamber, the catastrophe of this adventure should teach you how to respect the buskin. Oh, let not that consideration withhold you, great Monsieur Longicles, answer'd Calidas; if you have a mind to fight, I will engage you here as readily as any where else. At these words they tore one another by the throat and hair, and both

box'd very warmly, without sparing each other. An Italian, who lay in the next room, heard the whole dialogue, and by the noise of the blows concluded they were fighting. He then rose, and tho' an Italian, out of compassion for them call'd up the house. A Dutchman and two Germans, whom you see in morning-gowns, came along with the Italian, to part the combatants.

This is a very pleasant fray, said Don Cleofas ; but by what I see, it is plain that the tragic authors in France think themselves much more considerable men than those who write comedy. Undoubtedly, answer'd Asmodeo, the former suppose themselves as much above the latter, as the heroes of their tragedies are above the footmen in the comic plays. Upon what pretence can they found their arrogance ? reply'd the scholar ; is it that 'tis more difficult to write a tragedy than a comedy ? no, really, return'd the devil ; my decision of the question is, that to form an excellent plot for a comedy does not require a less effort of genius, than to lay the finest plan in the world for a tra-

gedy. But with regard to the working up the play in the latter, the majestic grandeur of the subject supports it, and inspires such noble thoughts, that the sole assistance of good sense is requisite to finish such tragedies as are at present written in France: but to write comedies with success at this time of day, something besides good sense is requisite. In a word, lofty subjects furnish the writer with almost all that is necessary, whilst in mean characters he is expected to provide all. According to this decision, said the scholar, I conclude that tragedy, by virtue of its name, is above comedy; but in requital, that comic authors are to be preferr'd before the tragic. Let's end this digression, reply'd the devil, and I will re-assume the thread of my story, which you interrupted.

C H A P. XVI.

The continuation and conclusion of the story of the power of friendship.

THO' Donna Theodora's servants could not hinder her being forc'd away, they

yet courageously oppos'd it, and their resistance was fatal to some of Alvaro's men; amongst others they wounded one so dangerously, that unable to follow his comrades he remain'd almost dead on the sand.

This unfortunate wretch was known to be one of Alvaro's footmen; and Donna Theodora's servants perceiving that he yet breath'd carry'd him to her house, where they spar'd nothing that could contribute to the recovery of his spirits; and they gain'd their end, tho' the great quantity of blood which he had lost render'd him extream feeble. To engage him to speak, they promis'd to secure his life, and not deliver him up to the severity of justice; provided he would tell where his master design'd to carry Donna Theodora. Flatter'd by this promise, tho' in his condition there appear'd but small hopes of his ever taking the benefit of it, he recollected his little remainder of strength, and in a very feeble tone confirm'd the advice which Don Fadrique had before receiv'd; and added, that Don Alvaro's design was to carry the wi-

dow Cifuentes to Sassari in the island of Sardinia, where he had a relation whose interest and authority was very great, and who he knew would certainly protect him.

This confession somewhat abated the despair of Mendoca and the Toledan. They left the wounded man in the house, where he dy'd some hours after, and returning to Valencia consulted what measures to take. They resolv'd to pursue their common enemy to the place of his retreat. Accordingly they both embark'd very soon after at Denia for Port Mahone, not doubting their meeting with an opportunity there of a passage to Sardinia. Their hopes prov'd true, for they were no sooner arriv'd at Mahone, than they were inform'd that a vessel freighted for Cagliari was just ready to sail, and they took the opportunity.

The ship put off with the most favourable wind they could desire; but five or six hours after they were perfectly becalm'd, and at night the wind turning directly contrary, they were oblig'd to steer from one side to the other, without hope

of its changing. They steer'd thus for three days, and on the fourth, at two afternoon they discover'd a vessel making all possible sail to them. They at first took it for a merchant-man, but observing that it came within cannon shot of them without shewing any colours, they did not doubt but that it was a pirate.

They were not deceiv'd, it was a Tunis ship which suppos'd that the Christians would yield without fighting; but when they perceiv'd that they clear'd their ship and prepar'd their guns, they concluded them in earnest; wherefore they stopp'd, did the same, and prepar'd to engage. They began to fire, and the Christians seem'd to have some advantage; but an Algerine, larger and provided with more guns than both the other, coming in the midst of the action, and taking the part of the Tunis ship, made full sail to the Spaniard, and oblig'd him to sustain the fire of both ships.

At this sight the Christians despairing, and resolving not to continue an engagement now become too unequal: gave over firing, when there appear'd on the

poop of the Algerine a slave, who cry'd out to them in Spanish, that if they expected quarter they must surrender to the Algerine. These words ended, a Turk display'd the Algerine green taffata flag with silver crescents. The Christians, considering that all resistance would be vain, no longer thought of defending themselves, but yielded with all the grief which the horrid idea of slavery could cause in freemen; and the master of the vessel, fearing a longer delay might irritate the barbarous conquerors, took the colours from the poop, threw himself into the pinnace with some of the sailors, and went on board the Algerine; and that pirate sent a parcel of soldiers to plunder the Spanish ship, as he of Tunis likewise gave the same order to some of his crew, so that all the passengers were in an instant disarm'd and search'd, and sent on board the Algerine, where the two pirates divided their prey by lot.

It had been at least a consolation for Mendoca and his friend, to have both fall'n into the hands of the same pirate. Their chains would have been lighter, if

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they could have join'd in the bearing them; but fortune, resolv'd they should experience all her severity, subjected Don Fadrique to the Tunis rober, and Don Juan to the Algerine. Imagine the despair that seiz'd these friends when they saw they were going to part. They threw themselves at the pirate's feet, and conjur'd him not to separate them. But these savage villains, whose barbarity is proof against any sight, could not be mov'd; but on the contrary, concluding these two captives to be considerable men, who could pay a large ransom, they resolv'd to keep them, as they were, divided.

Mendoca, and the Toledan, seeing they could not soften these merciless wretches, cast their eyes on each other, and by their looks express'd the excess of their affliction. But when the whole booty was divided, and the Tunis pirate was going to return on board his own ship with his slaves, the two friends were ready to expire with grief. Mendoca ran to the Toledan, and clasping him in his arms, we must then, said he, separate; oh terrible necessity! is it not enough that

the audacious villany of a ravisher remains unpunish'd, but must we be incapacitated to unite our complaints and sorrows? Ah! Don Juan, what have we done to heav'n, that we must in such a cruel manner experience its heavy displeasure? Ah, look no where else for the cause of our misfortunes, answer'd Don Juan, they ought only to be imputed to me; the death of the two persons whom I sacrific'd, tho' excusable in mens eyes, must undoubtedly have irritated heav'n, which punishes you for having engag'd in friendship with a miserable wretch whom justice pursues.

At these words they both shower'd down tears in great abundance, and sigh'd with such violence, that the other slaves were not less touch'd with their grief than their own misfortunes. But the Tunis soldiers, yet more barbarous than their master, observing that Mendoca did not haste to the vessel, brutally snatch'd him out of the Toledan's arms, and forc'd him along with them, loading him with blows. Adieu, dear friend, cry'd he, I shall never see you more! Donna Theo-

dora is not yet reveng'd; the ills which I expect from these cruel men will be the least of the sufferings of my slavery. Don Juan could not answer these words; the treatment which he saw his friend receive threw him into a fit that render'd him speechless. The order of the story requiring us to follow the Toledan, we will leave Don Fadrique on board the Tunis ship.

The Algerine return'd to his country, where being arriv'd, he carry'd the new slaves to the Basba, and thence to the public slave-market. An officer belonging to the Dey Mezzomorto bought Don Juan for his master, and set him to work in the gardens belonging to Mezzomorto's, * Haram. Tho' this employ must needs prove very painful to a gentleman, yet the solitude, which it requir'd, render'd it agreeable; for in his present circumstances nothing could more divert him than the reflection on his misfortunes; on which he incessantly employ'd

* Haram is the name given to all private persons seraglio's; none but that of the Grand Seignior being properly call'd the seraglio.

his thoughts, and was so far from endeavouring to dislodge these most afflicting images, that he seem'd to take pleasure in the remembrance of them.

One day, not perceiving the Dey, who was walking in the garden, he sung a melancholy song as he was working ; Mezzomorto stopp'd to listen to it, and being very well pleas'd with the voice, came up to him and ask'd him his name. The Toledan told him 'twas Alvaro ; for when he was sold to the Dey, he thought fit to change his name, pursuant to the custom of other slaves, and hit upon that first, by reason the rape of Theodora by Alvara Ponce was continually in his mind.

Mezzomorto, who understood Spanish indifferently well, put several questions to him concerning the customs of Spain, and particularly concerning the measures the men took to render themselves agreeable to the women : to all which Don Juan return'd such answers as very well satisfy'd the Dey.

Alvaro, said he to him, you seem not to want sense, and indeed I don't take

you for a common man ; but whatever you are, you have the good fortune to please me, and I will honour you so far as to make you my confident. Don Juan at these words prostrated himself at the Dey's feet, and after having taken up the lowest border of his robe, with it touch'd his eyes, mouth and head. To begin with giving you some marks of it, reply'd Mezzomorto, I will tell you that I have the finest women in Europe in my Seraglio ; amongst them I have one that is beyond all sort of comparison, and I don't believe that the Grand Visier, or the Grand Seignior himself, is possessor of a more perfect beauty, tho' his ships continually bring him women from all parts of the world. Her face to me seems the sun reflected ; her eyes Venus's two stars ; each of her eye-brows may pass for Sagittarius's bow, and her shape is as exact as that of the rose-tree in the garden of Eram : you may see that I am enchanted. But this miracle of nature, tho' enrich'd with such rare beauty, gives herself wholly up to a fatal grief, which neither time nor my love can dis-

sipate; and tho' fortune has subjected her to my desires, I have not yet satisfy'd them. I have constantly bridled them, and contrary to the common custom of men in my circumstances, who aim no farther than sensual pleasures, I have endeavour'd to gain her heart by such a complaisance and profound respect as the meanest Musulman would be asham'd of ever owning to a Christian slave; yet all my tenderness only encreases her melancholy, and her obstinacy begins at last to tire me. The idea of slavery is not graven in such deep tracks in others, and even those were soon effac'd by my favourable treatment of her. This tedious grief fatigues my patience: but before I yield to the violent transports of love, I must make one effort more, in which I would use your assistance; the slave being a Christian, and of your nation, may make you her confident, and you may persuade her better than any other. Advantageously represent to her my quality and riches; tell her that I will distinguish her from all my slaves; engage her to consider, if necessary, that she may one

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day become the wife of Mezzomorto; and assure her that I shall have a greater value for her than for a Sultana, if her highness should please to tender herself to me.

Don Juan a second time prostrated himself at the Dey's feet, and tho' not very well pleas'd with his commission, assur'd him that he would do his best to acquit himself in the performance. 'Tis enough, reply'd Mezzomorto; leave your work and follow me. I will order it that you shall speak with this beautiful slave alone; but have a care how you abuse that trust, which if you do, your rashness shall be punish'd by tortures unknown even to Turks themselves: endeavour to overcome your melancholy, and know that your liberty is annex'd to the end of my sufferings. Don Juan left off working, and follow'd the Dey, who was gone before to dispose the afflicted captive to admit his agent. She was with two old slaves, who retir'd at his approach. The charming slave saluted him with profound respect; but could not help trembling, for fear of what

might happen to her, every visit he made. He perceiv'd it, and to dissipate her fears, Fair Captive, said he, I come hither at present for no other reason than to tell you that I have a Spaniard amongst my slaves, with whose conversation probably you may not be displeas'd; if you desire to see him, I will give you leave to speak with him, and that also without any witnesses.

The beautiful slave having discover'd that she earnestly desir'd it; I will immediately send him to you, reply'd Mezomorto, if his discourse can assuage your grief. These words ended, he order'd the two old slaves which serv'd her another way, and afterwards himself quitted her apartment, and meeting the Toledan, he whisper'd to him, you may enter, and after you have talk'd with the fair slave, come to my apartment, and give me an account of your success.

Don Juan enter'd the chamber, and saluted the slave, without fixing his eyes on her; and she receiv'd his salutation, without looking very intently on him. But beginning to look on each other

more earnestly, they burst out into tears of surprize and joy. O God, said the Toledan, approaching her, am I not deluded by a phantome? Is it really Donna Theodora whom I see? Ah, Don Juan, cry'd the fair slave, is it you that speak to me? Yes, madam, answer'd he, tenderly kissing one of her hands, 'tis Don Juan himself. You may know me by the tears which my eyes, charm'd with the happiness of seeing you again, cannot restrain: at the transports of joy which your presence is only capable of exciting, I have done murmuring at fortune, since it has restor'd you to my wishes — But whether does my immoderate joy hurry me? Alas! I forget that you are in chains! What strange caprice of fortune brought you hither? How did you escape Don Alvaro's rash passion? Ah, what dismal alarms does that give me! And how much am I afraid that Heav'n has not sufficiently protected your virtue!

Heav'n, said Donna Theodora, has reveng'd me of Alvaro Ponce. If I had time to tell you — You have enough, interrupted Don Juan. The Dey has per-

mitted me to be with you, and what may surprize you, to talk with you alone. Let's make the best use of these happy moments, and pray acquaint me with all that has happen'd to you, from the time of your seizure, to this present. Ah, who told you that it was Don Alvaro that seiz'd me? I know it but too well, return'd Don Juan. Then he succinctly related how he was inform'd of it, and how Mendoca and he embark'd in search of the ravisher, and were taken by pirates. After which Donna Theodora immediately began the recital of her adventures in these words :

'Tis needless to tell you that I was extremely surpriz'd to find myself seiz'd by a troop of mask'd men. I swooned away in the arms of him that carry'd me off, and when I got out of my fit, which doubtless was very long, I found myself alone with Ines, one of my women, at sea in a cabin of a vessel under sail. Ines exhorted me to patience, and by her discourse gave me room to conclude that she had a correspondence with my ravisher; who then presum'd to shew himself to

me, and throwing himself at my feet : Madam, said he, pardon the way Don Alvaro has taken to possess you. You know what tender addresses I made to you, and with what constancy I disputed your heart with Don Fadrique, to the time that you gave him the preference. If my passion for you had only been a common one, I had conquer'd it, and comforted myself under the misfortune ; but I am destin'd to adore your charms ; and, scorn'd as I am, I cannot free myself from their power. But yet don't fear that my love will offer any violence. I did not make this attempt on your liberty, to affright your virtue by base means ; no, all I pretend to in the retirement whither I am conveying you, is, that an eternal and sacred knot may bind our destinies.

He said several other things which I cannot well remember, they tended to hint that he thought, in forcing me to marry him, he did not tyrannize ; and that I ought rather to look upon him as a passionate lover, than an insolent ravisher. Whilst he spake, I did nothing

but weep and despair : wherefore, without losing time in endeavours to persuade me, he left me. But at his retiring, made a sign to Ines, which I discern'd was his order to her to reinforce with address those arguments, with which he design'd to dazle my reason.

She acted her part to the full ; she suggested to me, that after the noise of a rape, I must of necessity be forc'd to accept Don Alvaro's offer, how great soever my aversion for him might be. That my reputation demanded this sacrifice of my heart. The laying me under the necessity of such a hideous marriage, not being the way to dry up my tears, I remain'd inconsolable. Ines did not know what to say to me farther, when on a sudden we heard a great noise on the deck, which engag'd all our attention.

This was occasion'd by the surprise of Don Alvaro's men, at the sight of a large vessel making all possible sail towards us. Our ship not being so good a sailer as that, 'twas impossible for us to avoid it. He came up with us, and immediately we heard a crying, To wind-ward, to

wind-ward. But Alvaro Ponce and his men, chusing rather to die than yield, ventur'd to dispute their liberty with the enemy. The action was very sharp; I will not run into particulars, but only acquaint you that Don Alvaro and all his men were kill'd, after having fought with utmost despair. As for us, we were conducted into the great ship which belong'd to Mezzomorto, and was commanded by Aby Aly Osman, one of his officers.

Aby Aly earnestly look'd at me with surprize, and knowing by my dress that I was a Spanish woman, he said to me in the Castilian tongue: Moderate your grief for being fallen into slavery, 'tis a misfortune which was inevitable; but why do I call it a misfortune! 'Tis an advantage, for which you ought to applaud your happy stars; you are too charming to be confin'd only to be obey'd by Christians: Heav'n never form'd you for those wretched mortals: none but Musulmen are worthy to enjoy you. I will, adds he, return to Algier. Tho' I have taken no other prize, I am per-

suaded that the Dey, my master, will be pleas'd with this expedition; nor can I fear his blaming my impatience, to put into his hands a beauty that will afford him such delicious pleasures, and be the ornament of his seraglio.

At these words, which discover'd what I had to expect, my tears redoubled. Aby Aly, who look'd on the reason of my fright with another eye than mine, only laugh'd, and made all the sail he could towards Algier, whilst I afflicted myself beyond all bounds of moderation; sometimes I directed my sighs to Heav'n, and implor'd its assistance; at others, I wish'd some Christian ships would attack us, or that the waves would swallow us up; and after that I wish'd my grief and tears might render me so frightful, that the very sight of me might strike a horror into the Dey. Vain desires, alas, resulting from my alarm'd modesty! We arriv'd at this port, I was conducted to the palace, and shewn to Mezzomorto. I don't know what Aby Aly said when he presented me to his master, nor what he answer'd, because

they spoke Turkish; but I fancy'd I could discover, by the gestures and looks of the Dey, that I had the misfortune to please him: and what he afterwards said to me in Spanish perfected my despair, by confirming me in that opinion. I threw myself in vain at his feet, and promis'd whatever he pleas'd for my ransom: I largely tempted his avarice by the offer of all my estate; but he told me that he valu'd me above all the riches in the world. He caus'd this apartment, the most magnificent in all his palace, to be prepar'd for me; and has left no means unattempted to dispel that grief which overwhelm'd me; he brought me all the slaves of both sexes, that could either sing or play on any instrument; he remov'd Ines, believing she only fed my melancholy, and I am waited on by old slaves, who incessantly inculcate to me their master's love, and all the pleasures reserv'd for me.

But all that has been done to divert me serves only to augment my sorrows; nothing can comfort me. Captive as I am, in this detestable palace, which every

day resounds with the cries of oppress'd innocence. I suffer less by the loss of my liberty, than the terror with which the Dey's odious passion inspires me. For tho' I have hitherto found no other treatment from him than that of a complaisant lover, I am not less affrighted, and very much fear, least abandoning that respect which perhaps has hitherto restrain'd him, he should at last abuse his power. I am continually afflicted by these dreadful reflections, and every moment of my life is a fresh torment.

Donna Theodora could not end these words without showers of tears, which stabb'd Don Juan to the heart: 'Tis not without reason, madam, said he, that you form such a horrible idea of what may happen to you: I am as much terrify'd at it as you: the Dey's respect is nearer its declension than you imagine; this submissive lover will soon throw off his feign'd complaisance: I know it but too well, and know all the danger you are in: but, continu'd he, changing his tone, I will not tamely see it; slave as I am, my despair is to be fear'd. Before

Mezzomorto shall force you, I will plunge into his breast—Ah, Don Juan, interrupted Donna Theodora, what a dangerous project are you venturing at? Ah, be extremely careful that you never put it in execution. What prodigious cruelties, great God, will be the consequences of this death! Will the Turks leave it unreveng'd? Oh! the most dreadful torments—I cannot think of them without trembling. Besides, is it not to expose yourself to an unnecessary danger? Can you, by killing the Dey, restore my liberty? Alas, perhaps I may be sold to some villainous wretch, that may have less regard for me than Mezzomorto has. O heav'n! you ought to shew your justice: you know the Dey's brutal desires; you forbid me the use of poison and sword; it therefore belongs to you to prevent a crime which offends you.

Yes, madam, reply'd Don Juan, heaven will prevent it: I perceive that it inspires me; what at present occurs to my mind, is doubtless suggested to me from thence. The Dey gave me leave to see

you, for no other reason than to incline you to yield to his passion: I am charg'd to give him an account of our conversation; but I must deceive him: I will then tell him that you are not inconsolable; that his generous conduct, with regard to you, begins to assuage your griefs; and that, if he continues in the same measures, he ought to hope for whatever he wishes. Accordingly, when he comes to see you again, I wish he might find you less melancholy than ordinary, and feign your being in some measure pleas'd with his discourse.

Oh horrid constraint! interrupted Donna Theodora; how can a frank and sincere soul betray itself to that degree? and what advantage will result from such a painful dissimulation? the Dey, answer'd he, will please himself with this alteration, and resolve to gain you wholly by complaisance. In the interim I will endeavour your liberty; the task, I own, is difficult; but I am acquainted with a slave, whose great address and industry may not be unserviceable to us. I leave you, continu'd he; the affair requires di-

ligence, and we shall see one another again. I go now to the Dey whose impetuous flame I will endeavour to amuse by false intelligence ; and you, madam, must prepare to receive him. Dissemble ; force your nature : tho' his presence offend your eyes, yet disarm them of severity and hatred. Prevail on your mouth, which only opens itself daily to bewail your misfortunes, to learn a flattering tone ; and don't fear shewing too much favour. You must promise every thing, in order to grant nothing. 'Tis enough, reply'd Donna Theodora ; I will follow all your directions, since the fatal evil which threatens me imposes on me this cruel necessity. Go, Don Juan, employ all your cares in putting an end to my slavery. 'Twill be a great addition to the pleasure of liberty, to owe it to you.

The Toledan, pursuant to his orders, waited on Mezzomorto, who said with utmost concern, well, Alvaro, what news do you bring me from the fair slave ? have you dispos'd her to hearken to me ? if you tell me that I ought not to flatter myself with the hopes of ever subduing

her cruel grief, I swear by the head of the Grand Seignior, my master, that I will this day seize by force what she has hitherto refused to yield to my complaisance. Sir, answer'd Don Juan, that inviolable oath is needless; you will not be forced to make use of violence to satisfy your love. The slave is a young lady who never yet lov'd; she is so proud that she has rejected the addresses of the greatest men in Spain; she liv'd like a sovereign princess in her own country, and is a captive here. A haughty mind long resents the great difference betwixt these conditions; yet, Sir, this proud Spanish lady will by degrees grow familiar with slavery, and I dare venture to tell you that already her chains begin to be lighter. The great deference you have always shew'd her, and the respectful cares which she did not expect from you, have somewhat abated her sorrows, and do by little and little tame her pride. Sooth this favourable disposition, and compleat the conquest of this fair slave by fresh marks of respect, and you will soon find her yield

to your desires, and lose the love of liberty in your arms.

Your words ravish me, reply'd the Dey: the hopes which you have given me are sufficient to engage me to do any thing. Yes, I will restrain my impatient desires, to satisfy them the better, But don't deceive me ; or art thou not thyself deceiv'd ? I'll immediately go talk with her, and see whether I can discover in her eyes those flattering appearances which you have observ'd. These words ended, he went to Donna Theodora ; and Don Juan return'd to the garden, where he met the gardener, who was the dextrous slave by whose industry he promis'd to set the widow Cifuentes at liberty.

The gardener, whose name was Francisco, was of Navarre. He knew Algier perfectly well, having serv'd several patrons before he liv'd with the Dey. Friend Francisco, said Don Juan approaching him, I am extremely afflicted at what I have seen : there is in this palace a young lady of the first quality in Valencia, she has entreated Mezzomorto to set his own price on her ransom ; but he will not part

with her, because he is in love with her. Alas, why does that trouble you so much? said Francisco. Because I am of the same city, reply'd the Toledan; her relations and mine are intimate friends, and I am no ways able to contribute to her deliverance. Tho' 'tis no very easy thing, reply'd Francisco, I dare engage to accomplish it, if this lady's relations will be pleased to pay very well for this piece of service. Don't doubt it, in the least, return'd Don Juan; I will be responsible for their acknowledgments, but more especially for her own gratitude. Her name is Donna Theodora; she is the widow of a man which has left her a very great estate, and she is as generous as rich. I am a Spanish gentleman, and my word ought to satisfy you. Well, reply'd the gardener, I will depend on your promises, and go look for a runagate Catalan of my acquaintance, and propose it to him—What do you say? interrupted the Toledan, very much surpriz'd; can you rely on a wretch, who has not been ashamed to abandon his religion for—tho' a runagate, interrupted Francisco in his

turn, he is yet an honest man, who deserves rather to be pity'd than hated; and if his crime can admit of any excuse, I should indeed be willing to think him excusable: I'll tell you his story in two words.

He is a native of Barcelona, and a chirurgeon by profession: perceiving that he did not succeed in his practice in his native place, he resolv'd to settle at Cartagena, hoping that he might thrive better by removing. He embark'd then for Cartagena with his mother, but they met an Algerine pirate, who took and brought them hither. They were sold, his mother to a Moor, and he to a Turk, who us'd him so very ill that he turn'd Mahometan to end his cruel slavery, as also to procure the liberty of his mother, who was very rigorously treated by the Moor, her patron. Then entering himself in the Bascha's pay, he made several voyages, and got four hundred patacoons, part of which he employ'd in the ransom of his mother, and to improve it he intended to rob on the sea for his own account.

He became a captain, and bought a

small vessel without a deck, and with some Turkish soldiers, who willingly join'd with him, he went to cruise between Cartagena and Alicant, and return'd laden with booty. He went out again, and his voyage succeeded so well, that at last he fitted out a large vessel, with which he took several considerable prizes; but his good fortune failing him, he one day attack'd an English frigate, who so shatter'd his ship, that he could scarce regain the port of Algier; and as the people of this country judge of the merit of the pirates, by the success of their enterprizes, this runagate began to be despis'd by the Turks; and growing very uneasie and melancholy, he sold his ship and retir'd to a house out of town, where ever since he has liv'd on the estate he has left, with his mother and several slaves. I frequently visit him, for we liv'd together with the same patron, and are very great friends. He has disclos'd to me his most secret thoughts, and within these three days he told me, with tears in his eyes, that his mind could never be at rest, since he had renounc'd his faith;

that to appease the remorse which incessantly rack'd his mind, he was sometimes inclin'd to quit the turban, and hazard being burnt alive, to repair, by a public acknowledgment of his repentance, the scandal he had cast on the Christians.

This is the runagate to which I design to address myself, continu'd Francisco; such a man as this you ought not to suspect. Under pretence of going to the † Bagne, I will go to his house, and suggest to him, that instead of consuming himself with grief for withdrawing himself from the bosom of the church, he ought to think of means of returning to it: that to execute this design, he need only equip a ship, on pretence that weary of an idle life, he would return to his old trade of cruising, and with this ship we will gain the coast of Valencia, where Donna Theodora should give him enough to pass the rest of his days agreeably at Barcelona.

Yes, dear Francisco, cry'd Don Juan, transported with the hopes which the Na-

† That is, the place where the slaves meet.

varre slave gave him; you may promise the runagate every thing; you and he shall be sure to be rewarded. But do you believe this project really practicable in the manner you have form'd it? it may meet with some difficulties which I don't foresee, reply'd Francisco, but the runagate and I will remove them. Alvaro, added he, as he was leaving him, I have a very good opinion of our enterprize, and hope at my return to bring you good news.

'Twas not without anxiety that Don Juan waited for Francisco, who return'd in three or four hours. I have talk'd with the runagate, said he, and propos'd our design to him, and after mature deliberation, we have agreed that he shall buy a small ship ready fitted to go out, and it being allow'd to make use of slaves for sailors, he shall man the vessel with his own; that, to prevent suspicion, he should engage twelve Turkish soldiers, as tho' he really intended to go out to cruise; but that two days before that which he should assign for his departure, he should embark in the night with his

slaves, weigh anchor without any noise, and come to fetch us on board with his skiff, from a little door of this garden near the sea. This is the plan of our enterprise; you may inform the captive lady of this, and assure her, that within fifteen days at farthest, she shall be freed from her slavery.

How inexpressible was Don Juan's joy, to have such a comfortable assurance to carry to Donna Theodora! to obtain permission to see her, he the next day search'd for Mezzomorto, and having found him: pardon me, my lord, said he, if I presume to ask you how you found the beautiful slave. Are you better satisfy'd?— I am charm'd, interrupted the Dey. Her eyes did not turn away from my tenderest addresses; her discourse, which always before consisted only of endless reflections on her condition, were not intermix'd with any complaints; but she even seem'd to listen to mine with an obliging attention. 'Tis to your endeavours, Alvaro, that I owe this change. I see you know your own country women; I will have you talk with her again. Fi-

nish what you have so happily begun ; exhaust all your wit and address to hasten my felicity, and I will then break your chains ; and I swear by the soul of our great prophet, that I will send you home to your own country so richly laden with presents, that the Christians when they see thee shall not believe thou return'st from slavery. The Toledan did not fail to flatter Mezzomorto's error : he feign'd himself extremely sensible of his promises, and under pretence of hastening the accomplishment of the Dey's joys, he hasten'd to see the fair slave, whom he found alone in her apartment, the old women which attended her being employ'd elsewhere.

He told her what the Navarre slave and the runagate had contriv'd, on the credit of the promises which he made them. 'Twas no small consolation for Donna Theodora, to hear that such proper measures were taken for her deliverance. Is it possible, said she, in the excess of her joy, that I may hope to see Valencia, my dear country, again ? how transporting will the bliss be, after so

many fears and dangers, to live at ease with you? Ah, Don Juan, how charming is that thought! will you share that pleasure with me? do you think, that in delivering me from the Dey, 'tis your wife which you tear from him?

Alas, answer'd Don Juan, with a profound sigh, those endearing words would charm me, if the remembrance of an unhappy friend did not throw in a bitterness which spoils all the sweetness? Pardon me, madam, that nicety, and confess also that Mendoca deserves your pity; 'tis for your sake that he went from Valencia, and lost his liberty. I can assure you that at Tunis, where perhaps slaves may be worse treated than here, he is less loaded with the weight of his chains, than the despair of ever revenging your sufferings. He doubtless deserves a better fate, interrupted Donna Theodora; I take Heav'n to witness that I am thoroughly sensible of all that he has done for me. I share with him the sufferings which I have caus'd; but by the cruel malignity of the stars, my heart can never be the price of his services.

This conversation was interrupted by the arrival of the two old women who waited on Donna Theodora ; when Don Juan turn'd the discourse, and saying the Dey's confident : yes, charming slave, said he to the widow Cisuentes, you have depriv'd him of liberty, who keeps you in chains. Mezzomorto, your master and mine, the most engaging, and most amiable of all the Turks, is very well pleas'd with you : continue to treat him favourably, and you will soon see an end of your griefs. At the end of these last words he left Donna Theodora, who did not comprehend their true sense.

Affairs remain'd during eight days in this posture at the Dey's palace, whilst the runagate Catalan bought a small vessel almost wholly fitted for sailing, and prepar'd for his departure. But six days before he was ready to put to sea, Don Juan met with what very much alarm'd his fears.

Mezzomorto sent for him, and being enter'd his closet : Alvaro, said he, you are free : you may return to Spain whenever you please ; and the presents which I

promis'd you are ready. I saw the fair slave to-day, and oh, how vastly different does she appear from the same person whose griefs have given me so much pain ! The sense of her captivity every day wears off. I found her so charming, that I have this moment resolv'd to marry her. She shall be my wife within the space of two days.

At these words the Toledan chang'd colour, and notwithstanding all the restraint he laid on himself, could not hide his disturbance and surprize from the Dey, who ask'd him the cause of that disorder. My lord, answer'd Don Juan, all in confusion, I am doubtless very much amaz'd, to think that one of the greatest lords of the Ottoman empire should so debase himself as to marry a slave. I very well know 'tis not unprecedented amongst you ; but for the illustrious Mezzomorto, who may pretend to the daughter of the principal officers of the Porte.—I allow what you say, interrupted the Dey, I might at the same time aspire to the Grand Visier's daughter, and flatter myself with the hopes of

ſucceeding my father-in-law; but I have an immense eſtate, and am not very ambitious. I prefer the eaſe and pleaſures which I enjoy here in my Viſiership, to that dangerous honour: to which we are no ſooner rais'd, than the fear of the Sultans, and the jealouſie of thoſe near them, who envy us, precipitates us into the loweſt abyſs of miſery. Beſides, I love my ſlave, and her beauty qualifies her to deſerve the dignity, to which my affection invites her.

But, adds he, in order to deſerve the honours I deſign her, ſhe muſt change her religion. Do you believe that any ridiculous prejudices will prevail on her to deſpiſe my offers? No, my Lord, return'd the Toledan, I am perſuaded that ſhe will ſacrifice all to ſuch a high elevation. But give me leave to tell you, that you ought not to marry her ſo haſtily; do nothing raſhly; 'tis not to be doubted, but that the thoughts of abandoning the religion ſuck'd in with her mother's milk will ſtartle her at firſt. Give her then time to conſider of it; when ſhe represents to

herself, that instead of dishonouring and confining her under a guard amongst the rest of your captives, you join her to yourself by such a glorious marriage, her gratitude and vanity will by little and little remove her scruples. Defer therefore the execution of your design for eight days only. I yield to your reason, interrupted the Dey; tho' I am so impatient to enjoy the fair slave, I will yet wait eight days. Go immediately to her, and dispose her to accomplish my desires at the expiration of that time. I desire that the same Alvaro, who has so faithfully discharg'd himself with regard to her, have the honour to offer her my matrimonial faith.

Don Juan flew to the apartment of Donna Theodora, and inform'd her what pass'd betwixt Mezzomorto and him, that she might regulate herself accordingly. He also told her, that the runagate's ship would be ready in six days; but she telling him that she was in great pain to know how she should get out of her apartment, since all the doors of the chambers, thro' which she was oblig'd to

pafs to reach the ftairs, were clofe fhut; You ought not to give yourfelf much trouble on that account, madam, faid Don Juan; one of your clofet windows opens into the garden, and from thence you may defcend by a ladder which I will provide you. Accordingly, the fix days being expir'd, Francisco advertis'd the Toledan, that the runagate was preparing to depart the next night; which you may very well think was expected with great impatience. The time came at laft, and what render'd it yet more lucky was that it grew very dark. When the moment deftin'd for the execution of their enterprize came, Don Juan rais'd the ladder to Donna Theodora's clofet window, who no fooner faw it, than ſhe defcended on it with utmoft concern and hafte, and then lean'd on the falſe Alvaro, who conducted her to the little garden-door, which open'd on the ſea. They made all poſſible hafte, and beforehand ſeem'd to taſte the pleasures of being freed from ſlavery; but fortune, between whom and lovers there is not always a perfect agreement, rais'd a more

cruel misfortune than all those which they had hitherto suffer'd, and which they could not foresee.

They were gotten out of the garden, and hastening to the sea-side to reach the boat, which waited for them, when a man, whom they took for one of their crew, and which they did not in the least mistrust, came directly to Don Juan with a naked sword, and running him into the breast: Perfidious Alvaro Ponce, cry'd he, 'tis thus that Don Fadrique de Mendoca is oblig'd to punish a villainous ravisher. You don't deserve that I should attack you like a man of honour.

Don Juan could not resist the force of the push, which threw him down; and at the same time Donna Theodora, whom he supported, seiz'd at once with amazement, grief, and the fright, swooned away on the other side. Ah! Mendoca, said the Toledan, what have you done? 'Tis Don Juan that you have wounded! Just Heav'n, reply'd Don Fadrique, is it possible that I should assassinate my best friend? I forgive you my death, return'd Don Juan; fate alone is to be blam'd, or

rather it was design'd thus to put an end to my miseries. Yes, my dear Mendoca, I die contented, since I put into your hands the beautiful Theodora, who can assure you that my friendship for you has never been violated. Too generous friend, said Don Fadrique, seiz'd with a violent despair, you shall not die alone; the same sword which plung'd thus cruelly into your breast shall punish your murderer. Tho' my mistake may excuse my crime, it cannot comfort me. At these words he turn'd the point of his sword to his breast, run it up to the hilt, and fell upon Don Juan, who fainted away, less enfeebled by his own wound, than that of his friend.

Francisco and the runagate, who were but ten paces off, and who had their reasons which detained them from running to the assistance of the slave Alvaro, were extremely astonish'd to hear Don Fadrique's words, and to see his last action. They then found their mistake, and that the wounded men were two friends, and not mortal enemies, as they thought. They then ran to their assi-

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stance; but finding them senseless, as well as Donna Theodora, who yet remain'd in her swoon, they were at a loss what measures to take. Francisco was of opinion that they should content themselves by carrying off the lady, and leave the gentlemen on the shore, where, according to all appearances, they would immediately die, if they were not yet dead. But the runagate was not of that opinion: he concluded they ought not to be left; that their wounds might perhaps not be mortal, and that he could dress them on board, where he had all the instruments of his former trade, which he had not yet forgotten.

Francisco fell in with his opinion, and very well knowing of what importance it was to be expeditious, the runagate and he, by the assistance of some slaves, carry'd into their skiff the unhappy widow Cifuentes, and her two lovers, yet more unfortunate than she; and in a very few minutes reach'd their ship. As soon as they were all gotten on board, some of them spread their sails, whilst others on their knees on the deck, implor'd the af-

sistance of Heav'n, by the most fervent petitions which the fear of being pursu'd by Mezzomorto's ships could inspire.

The runagate, after having charg'd with the management of the ship a French slave, who understood it perfectly well, apply'd himself first to Donna Theodora, whom he recover'd out of her swoon, and then took such successful care of Don Fadrique and the Toledan, that they also recover'd their senses. The widow Cifuentes, who fainted away at the sight of Don Juan's being wounded, was very much surpriz'd to find Mendoca there; and tho' at the sight of him she really believ'd that he had fallen on his own sword, for grief of having wounded his friend, yet she could not look on him otherwise than the murtherer of the man she lov'd.

'Twas certainly the most moving scene in the world, to see these three persons return'd to themselves; and the condition out of which they had been recover'd, tho' a resemblance of death, did not more deserve pity. Donna Theodora earnestly look'd on Don Juan, with eyes in which were painted, in lively colours,

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all the emotions of a soul overwhelm'd with grief and despair. And the two friends fix'd on her their dying eyes, feebly uttering the most profound sighs.

After having for some time kept a silence equally tender and unhappy, Don Fadrique thus broke it, by addressing him to the widow Cisuentes: Madam, said he, before I die, I have yet the satisfaction to see you deliver'd out of slavery; would to heav'n that you were indebted for your liberty to me: but it has appointed that you should owe that obligation to the man you love. I love that rival too well to murmur at it, and wish that the wound which I have been so unhappy as to give him, may not prevent the full enjoyment of your grateful acknowledgments. The lady made no answer to these words, but far from being then sensible of the melancholy fate of Don Fadrique, she was only influenc'd by the aversion to him, which the present condition of the Toledan had inspir'd.

In the mean time the chirurgeon prepar'd to examine and probe the wounds. He began with that of Don Juan, and

did not find it dangerous, by reason the pass had only glanc'd below the left pap, and had not touch'd any of the nobler vital parts. This report of the chirurgion very much abated Donna Theodora's affliction, and equally rejoyc'd Don Fadrique; who turning his head towards that lady, I am satisfy'd, said he: I leave this life without regret, since my friend is out of danger: I shall not then die laden with your hate.

These words were utter'd with such a moving air, that Theodora was touch'd by them; and as her fear for Don Juan grew over, she ceas'd to hate Don Fadrique, and no longer look'd on him otherwise than on a man who deserv'd her pity: Ah, Mendoca, cry'd she, influenc'd by a generous transport, let your wound be dress'd, 'tis not perhaps more dangerous than that of your friend. Oh, yield to our care of your life; and if I cannot make you happy, at least I will not bestow that felicity on another; but out of compassion and tenderness for you, I will withhold the hand which I design'd to give Don Juan, and offer to you the same

sacrifice which he has made you; content to reign in both your hearts; I will live with you in such a manner that he whom I don't love shall have no reason to complain of him I do.

Don Fadrique was going to reply, but the surgeon, afraid speaking might prejudice him, oblig'd him to silence, and search'd his wound, which he judg'd mortal, by reason the sword had pierc'd the upper part of his lungs as he concluded from his excessive flux of blood, the consequence of which was very much to be fear'd. As soon as he had dress'd the gentlemen he caus'd 'em to be carry'd to his own cabin, to repose them on two beds, one next the other, and conducted Donna Theodora thither, whose presence he thought would not be prejudicial to them.

Notwithstanding all this care Mendocafell into a fever, and towards night the flux of blood augmented. The surgeon then told him he was incurable, and inform'd him that if he had any thing to say to his friend, or Donna Theodora, he had no time to lose. This news strange-

ly afflicted the Toledan: but Don Fadrique receiv'd it with indifference. He sent for the widow Cifuentes, who came to him in a condition much easier to be imagin'd than describ'd.

Her face was cover'd with tears which shower'd down with so much violence that they disturb'd Mendoca. Madam, said he, I am unworthy those precious tears that you shed: restrain them, I beg, for a moment: I ask the same of you, dear Don Juan; adds he, observing the insupportable grief which his friend shew'd. I know that this separation must very sensibly afflict you, I am too well acquainted with your friendship to doubt it; but I beseech both of you to stay 'till my death, and reserve these tears to honour it with so many marks of tenderness and pity; suspend your grief 'till then, since that touches me more than the loss of my life. I must acquaint you through what meanders of fate I was conducted to this fatal shore, where I have tainted myself with my friend's blood and with my own. You must be in pain to know how I could take Don Juan for Don Alva-

ro, but I will immediately inform you, if the small remainder of life will allow me to make that melancholy discovery.

Some hours after the ship in which I was had quitted that wherein I left Don Juan, we met a French privateer, which attack'd and took the Tunis ship, and set us on shore at Alicant. I was no sooner at liberty than I thought of ransoming Don Juan, to which end I went to Valencia and rais'd money; and on advice that at Barcelona there were several monks of the order for the redemption of slaves ready to set out for Algier, I resolv'd not to lose this occasion. But before I left Valencia, I intreated Don Francisco de Mendoca, my uncle, to use all his interest at the court of Spain to obtain a pardon for my friend, because my design was to bring him back with me, and re-establish him in his estate, which was confiscated after the death of the Duke of Naxera. I went then to Barcelona, where I staid not above eight days before I embark'd with the Monks of the redemption.

As soon as we were arriv'd at Algier,

I went to the places frequented by slaves; but having run thro' all of them, I did not find what I search'd for. After this I in vain recollected the faces of the passengers taken with Don Juan, and confronted the lines of their features which I could recall to mind, with those faces that offer'd themselves to my view; but I could not find any person whom I remember'd to have seen. Not being contented with this, I ask'd all the Spanish slaves I met whether they could inform me of a cavalier of their nation which answer'd the description I gave them of you, and taken at such a time. Some told me he must be set at work in a country house, and others that perhaps he might be one of the twelve Christian slaves who were lately impal'd for beating the Mahometans: and this was all the fruit of my enquiries.

Yet one day I perceiv'd a young man looking very earnestly at me, whom I remember to be a youth that formerly serv'd my uncle. He concluded, at the sight of me, that I was not a slave; wherefore approaching me he said, my lord,

may I presume to ask whether you have yet a remainder of concern for Donna Theodora? when I answer'd him yes: since 'tis so, reply'd he, give yourself the trouble of accompanying me, and you shall soon hear of her. I went along with him, and he brought me to his patron, who is the runagate Catalan to whom this ship belongs. He talk'd long with him alone; after which the runagate came to me, and inform'd me that his slave had just told him my name; and since he assures me, adds he, that we may depend on your discretion, I will discover to you where a lady is whose fate you are concern'd for. Donna Theodora is a slave to the Dey, who will not take any ransom for her, because he loves her.

The grief which I shew'd at this news mov'd the runagate: comfort yourself, said he, Signior Mendoca; I can assure you Mezzomorto has not yet offer'd any violence to that lady, and since you are in love with her, I will make no difficulty of entrusting you with a secret which 'tis your interest to conceal. The Dey's gard'ner is a slave born at Navarre, of

my acquaintance; he has told me that in his master's palace is a lady of Valencia, call'd Donna Theodora, who offers a very considerable reward to any person that shall free her from slavery. I have undertaken this deliverance, and am equipping a vessel which will be ready in a few days, and under pretext of cruising I will make to the coast of Spain, where I will restore this lady to her relations. But how, said I, will you get her out of the seraglio? two of Mezzomorto's slaves, answer'd he, have undertaken this task. He of Navarre, whom I have mention'd to you, and another of Valencia, as I am told; but I have not yet seen the last, tho' by the character I have heard of him, he seems to be a man of quality.

I ask'd the runaway, with some concern, if he did not know the latter slave's name; 'tis Alvaro, reply'd he, and that is all I know of him. And all that I desire to know, cry'd I, in a transport: 'tis my rival! and without asking any farther questions concerning that slave, or informing myself whether he was taken with Donna Theodora, I did not doubt

but that this Alvaro was Alvaro Ponce himself.

I gave a horrible character of him to the runagate, whom I entreated to engage in my resentment. Assist, said I, both my hate and my love. Help me to revenge myself on my enemy, and put an end to Donna Theodora's captivity; you shall not then have only what she promises, but I will superadd particular marks of my gratitude. The runagate returning no answer, but seeming thoughtful, I concluded that he was considering whether he should accomplish my desires; wherefore, to determine him, I presented him with a very fine diamond ring which I had on my finger; but he refus'd it, saying, my lord, do you believe that I distrust your promises, or that they are not sufficient to engage me to serve a gentleman of your family? if you saw me considering, I was only thinking which way to satisfy you; which will soon be: you need only accompany me on the night chosen for our departure, when you may see your enemy; and after you have reveng'd yourself, you shall,

if you please, take his place, and join with us in conducting Donna Theodora to Valencia.

These words too much flatter'd my angry resentment not to ravish me: I thank'd the runagate for his zeal to my service, forc'd him to accept my diamond ring, and left him very impatient to see Don Alvaro fall by my hands. Yet this impatience did not hinder my search after Don Juan; but despairing to hear any news of him, I left money for his ransom in the hands of an Italian merchant, nam'd Francisco Capati, who lives at Algier, and undertook his ransom if he could ever find him.

At last the night appointed for our departure and my revenge came, when I went to the runagate, who led me to that part of the sea-shore behind Mezzomorto's gardens. We stopp'd at a little door that soon open'd, whence came out a man that made directly to us, which was the Navarre slave. He ask'd the runagate in what posture our affairs were: my vessel, answer'd he, has this minute left the port, and I expect the boat here.

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Accordingly he had no sooner spoke than the skiff appear'd. I will then, said the Navarre slave, go tell Alvaro that he may bring the lady ; at which words he return'd into the garden, and some minutes after came up to us, and pointing with his finger to a man and woman which were coming along : those who follow me, said he, are Alvaro and Donna Theodora. At this sight, enrag'd to the last degree, I drew my sword, run to the unfortunate Alvaro, and persuaded that it was my hateful rival which I was approaching, I wounded that faithful friend, whose uncertain destiny was the cause of all my disturbance. But thanks to heav'n, continu'd he, in a softer tone, my mistake will neither cost him his life, nor the eternal tears of Donna Theodora.

Ah, Mendoca, interrupted the lady, you injure my affliction : I shall never comfort myself for the loss of you ; for tho' I should ev'n marry your friend, 'twould be only uniting our griefs : your love, your friendship and your misfortunes would be the whole subject of our discourse. 'Tis too much, madam, re-

ply'd Don Fadrique ; I am not worthy your so long mourning for me. Allow, I conjure you, Don Juan to marry you, after he shall have reveng'd you of Alvaro Ponce. Don Alvaro is no more, reply'd the widow Cifuentes ; the same day that he seiz'd me, he was kill'd by the pirate which took me.

Madam, said Mendoca, this news gives me pleasure : my friend will the sooner be happy ; follow without restraint the guidance of your mutual passion. I see with joy the moment approaching, which will remove the obstacle your compassion and his generosity hath rais'd, to prevent your mutual happiness. May all your days be spent in a repose and union, which the jealousy of fortune dare not disturb. Adieu, madam, adieu, Don Juan ; vouchsafe both of you sometimes to remember a man, who never lov'd any so well as you.

The lady and the Toledan, instead of answering, redoubling their tears ; Don Fadrique, who perceiv'd it, and found himself very ill, thus continued : I grow too tender ; death has already surround-

ed me, and I forget to supplicate the divine goodness, to pardon my having shortened a life, which it alone ought to have dispos'd of. At the end of these words he lifted up his eyes to heav'n, with all the signs of a sincere repentance, and the flux of blood immediately occasion'd a suffocation, which carry'd him off.

Then Don Juan, hurry'd by his despair, tore off his plaisters, and would have render'd his wound incurable; but Francisco and the runagate threw themselves on him, and oppos'd his distraction; and Donna Theodora, terribly affrighted at this furious transport, assisted them both in diverting Don Juan from his design. She address'd him with such a moving air, that returning to himself, he suffer'd his wound to be again bound up; and at last the interest of a lover, by slow degrees, abated the rage of a friend. But if he recover'd his reason, it serv'd only to prevent the distracted effects of his grief, and not to diminish the sense of it.

The runagate, who amongst other things he had brought out of Spain, had

some excellent Arabian Balsam, and precious perfumes, embalm'd Mendoca's body at the instance of the lady and Don Juan, who assur'd him, that at Valencia they would perform all the honours of his sepulture. The two lovers too passionately indulg'd their grief all the while they were on board; but the rest were more chearful, and the wind being favourable, they were not long before they discover'd the coasts of Spain.

At that sight all the slaves yielded themselves up to joy; and when the vessel was happily arrived at the port of Denia, every one had their share of it. The widow Cifuentes and the Toledan sent a courier to Valencia with letters for the governor, and Donna Theodora's family. The news of that lady's return was receiv'd with all possible expressions of joy, by all her relations: but Don Francisco de Mendoca was extremely afflicted at the loss of his nephew, which he discover'd when he accompany'd the widow Cifuentes's relations to Denia; where he desir'd to see the corps of the unfortunate Don Fadrique. The good old

man then melted into tears, and utter'd such lamentable complaints, as sensibly touch'd all the spectators. He enquir'd by what adventure his nephew fell : I will tell you, my lord, said the Toledan ; far from blotting it out of my memory, I take a melancholy pleasure in continually calling him to mind, and feeding my sorrows. He then related to him the sad accident ; and the recital of his story drawing fresh tears from him, redoubled those of Don Francisco. As for Donna Theodora, her relations express'd their great joy to see her again, and felicitated her on the miraculous manner of her delivery from the tyranny of Mezzomorto.

After a perfect relation of all particulars, Don Fadrique's corps was put into a coach, and carry'd to Valencia, but not bury'd there ; because Don Francisco de Mendoca preparing to live at Madrid, resolv'd to have his nephew's body carry'd to that city. While all manner of preparations were making for their journey, the widow Cifuentes loaded Francisco and the runagate with presents equal to their wishes. Francisco went to Navarre,

and the runagate immediately return'd to Denia, where he had left his mother, sold his ship, and went to Barcelona, there having renoun'd his errors, and reconcil'd himself to the church, he lives in a reputable manner at this present time. In the mean while also Don Francisco receiv'd a packet from the court, wherein was Don Juan's pardon; which the king, notwithstanding the great value he had for the house of Naxera, could not refuse the Mendoca's, who all join'd in soliciting it. This news was the more agreeable to the Toledan, because it procur'd him the liberty of accompanying the corps of his friend, which he durst not have done without it.

At last they all set forwards, accompany'd with a great number of persons of quality; and as soon as they arriv'd at Madrid, they bury'd the corps of Don Fadrique in a church, where Don Juan and Donna Theodora rais'd a noble monument over his grave. They did not stay there; but kept themselves in mourning for their friend for the space of a whole year, to eternize their grief, and

his friendship; and after having given such signal marks of their tenderness for Mendoca, they marry'd; but by an inconceivable effect of the power of friendship, Don Juan long retain'd his melancholy for his friend, which nothing was able to remove. Don Fadrique, his dear friend Don Fadrique, was always present in his thoughts; he saw him every night in his dreams, at which he most times utter'd the deepest sighs. But yet his reason began to dispel these melancholy views; and Donna Theodora's charms, with which he was captivated, triumph'd, by little and little, over the sad remembrance of Mendoca. To conclude; at last Don Juan liv'd happily, and very contentedly; but a few days past he fell from his horse, as he was hunting, and hurt his head; the wound grew to an impostume, so that the physicians could not save him, and some hours since he dy'd in the arms of Donna Theodora, who is that lady which the women in vain endeavour to assist. She has a violent fever, is delirious, and is hastening after her husband; so that both of them

will soon be carry'd to Mendoca's tomb, where with him they will expect the end of that world in which they have suffer'd so many miseries.

C H A P. XVII.

Of Dreams.

WHEN Asmodeo had ended his story, Don Cleofas said to him, This is a very fine image of friendship, but 'tis rare to find two men love one another like Don Juan and Don Fadrique; and I believe 'twill be more difficult to meet with two ladies so good friends, as generously to make a reciprocal sacrifice of their lovers to each other. Without doubt, says the devil, 'tis what has not been yet, and never will be seen in this world: women are not so complaisant to one another. Suppose two ladies love each other in an unusual degree, their friendship may be tender and sincere, and they may even forbear speaking ill of one another in absence; such good friends may they be, and that, I assure you, is a great deal: yet if you meet them, and incline more

to the one than the other, rage presently seizes the fair one that is slighted, not that she loves you, but she would be preferr'd. This is the nature of all women; they are too jealous one of another to be capable of friendship.

As to Donna Theodora, says the scholar, I am charm'd with her character: a wife to die of grief at the death of her husband! A wonder's fallen out in our days. 'Tis certainly wonderful, reply'd the devil: there was a lawyer bury'd two months ago, whose widow was not at all like his we are speaking of. The man of the robe being in the agonies of death, his wife all in tears gave way to the persuasions of her family, and suffer'd herself to be carry'd out of the house to avoid so sad a spectacle: but before she went, the good woman call'd her chamber-maid; Beatrice, said she, as soon as my dear husband is dead, go carry the ill news to Don Carlos, and tell him I am so troubled at it that I will not see him these two days.

The story of Donna Theodora, says Don Cleofas, has taken up a little too

much time. 'Tis almost broad day ; I begin to see people in the streets ; I am afraid they may spy us out on this church. If the rabble should once have a view of your lordship's figure, they will never have done shouting. Fear nothing, reply'd the devil, I'll warrant they shall not see us ; I have the same power as the poets gods, and as Jupiter hid himself in a cloud on Mount Ida, from the eyes of the universe, that they might not see him care for his dear consort Juno, so I will raise a mist that the sight of man shall not be able to penetrate ; however we will see him, and all his ways, thro' it. No sooner said but done ; a thick vapour immediately encompass'd them ; yet the scholar saw thro' it as easily as if it had been a sieve. Now, continu'd the daemon, I will give you a pleasure that you have not met with before. You see abundance of persons, men and women, asleep, and I'll tell you what they dream of.

Stay, if you please, says Don Cleofas interrupting him : pray what's the meaning that those ladies in yonder little re-

nement are up so soon; what makes 'em rise so early? They were never a-bed, reply'd the devil, they have been making merry all night long. There has been an assembly; they have been singing Caudalas, a most admirable consort. A scholar of Alcala compos'd the music, and the words were made by a man of quality, who makes verses for his own pleasure, and others pain. The symphony consisted of a bagpipe and a spinet, and what is still more extraordinary, a young girl sung the base, and an old quirister the tenor. Very pleasant indeed, cry'd Don Cleofas, ready to burst with laughing; if I had been one of their assembly, I should not have help'd making a jest of their ridiculous consort. Sure those that heard it did not think it fine. No certainly, reply'd Asmodeo, there were some among 'em who every now and then threw in a malicious jest, that put the music very much out of countenance: but enough of this: let's come to our dreams, and we'll begin with that great house there on the right hand. The master of it, whom you see sleeping in those rich

lodgings, is a liberal and debauch'd count : he's dreaming that he's at the play, that he hears a young actrefs sing, and is conquer'd by the voice of this Syren. In the next apartment lye's the countess, his wife, who is fond of play to distraction. She dreams that she has no money, and that she is pledging some diamonds with a jeweler, who lends her 300 pistoles, and asks a very moderate profit.

In the next house to this lives a marquis, who is in love with a famous coquet ; he dreams that he has borrow'd a considerable sum of money to make her a present, and his steward, who lyes in that little chamber there, a story higher, that he is growing rich as his master grows poor : you see people do not always dream extravagantly.

The scholar interrupting him, said, I would very fain know what spark that is who is asleep with his mustachoes in papers, like ladies favourites. 'Tis a country gentleman, reply'd Asmodeo, a viscount of Arragon, proud and vain : his soul is this very moment swimming in

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joy, for he dreams that he's with a great lord of the court, who gives him a place. If I am not deceiv'd, said Don Cleofas, I see a young man in the same house, who laughs in his sleep. The devil reply'd, No, Sir, you are not deceiv'd, 'tis a batchelor who is also in a very agreeable dream; he fancies that an old man of his acquaintance has marry'd a young and handsome wife. But just by I see three men who are in very mortifying dreams; the first is a chymist, who dreams that a marquis has a guardian appointed him, and he has begun to extract away his patrimony. The two others are brothers, and doctors; one dreams that there is a law made, forbidding any one to give a physician a fee unless the patient is cur'd: and his brother, that there's an order publish'd, requiring all doctors to go into mourning for all the patients that die in their hands. Would to God, quoth the scholar, this last order was true, and every doctor was oblig'd to go to the funeral of his patients, as the lieutenant criminal in France is bound to be present at the execution

of the malefactor he has condemn'd. The comparison is just, reply'd the devil, all the difference is, that the latter may be said to see his sentence put into execution, whereas the other has already executed him.

Here Don Cleofas interrupted the daemon, crying, See, see, who's that gentleman there that rubs his eyes, and gets up so hastily? 'Tis a courtier, reply'd the devil: a terrible dream has awak'd him; he dreamt the first minister had look'd coldly on him. I see another courtier, who wakes in as great a fright; he dreamt that he was carry'd on a sudden to the top of a high mountain by two other courtiers, and that they flung him from the top to the bottom.

Look upon that house at the corner of that street; there lives an attorney; see, he's a-bed with his wife, in a chamber hung with old tapestry hangings with antique figures; he dreams that he's going to pay a visit to one of his clients in the alms-house, and give him a charity out of his own pocket; and his wife, that her husband has turn'd a young

clerk, of whom he was jealous, out of doors.

I hear some body snore, says the scholar, and believe 'tis that fat fellow there in the little room on the left hand of us. The very same, reply'd Asmodeo ; 'tis a prebend dreaming he's saying his prayers. Next to him is a mercer, who sells very dear bargains to people of quality, but all upon trust ; he has above 10000 crowns owing him : he dreams his debtors are bringing him his money : and his creditors are dreaming that he's on the point of breaking.

In the house next to the mercer lives a famous bookseller ; he printed a book that went off very well a little while ago. When he bought it, he promis'd to give the author fifty pistoles on a second edition ; and he dreams now of re-printing it without giving him any notice of it. Ah ! does he so ; says Cleofas ; I don't doubt but this dream will prove one of the truest that ever he had in his life. I am acquainted with these worthy gentlemen, the booksellers ; they make no manner of conscience of cheating their au-

thors. The daemon answer'd, Very true ; but you should speak what you know of those worthy gentlemen the authors too. Upon my word, they have no more conscience than the booksellers.

In another house, continu'd he, I see a timorous respectful lover, who is just awake. He is in love with a brisk young widow, and dream'd that he had her in the middle of a wood, where he said abundance of soft things to her, and she to him : As, ' Ah ! there's no resisting you ; ' I should yield to you, if I was not on ' my guard against all mankind ; they are ' so false, I dare not trust them upon ' their words, I am for actions. What ' actions, madam,' reply'd the lover, ' do ' you require of me ? Must I undertake ' the twelve labours of Hercules to shew ' my love ? No, no, Don Nicasio,' says the lady, ' I don't demand any such thing ' of you, I only' — and then he awoke. Pray, says the scholar, tell me, why the man, who is asleep in yonder dark-colour'd bed, talks to himself as if he was possess'd. The devil answer'd, Oh ! that's a notable licentiate, who is in a dream,

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that puts him in a terrible agitation ; 'tis no less than that he's in a dispute, and maintaining the immortality of the soul against an old physician. Near the licentiate lives a player, dreaming that he's talking insolently to an author, who is all the while complimenting him. In yon inn I observe two men, whose dreams I must by no means omit. One of them is an Italian of the academy de la Crusca ; he dreams that he's reading a bad poem he has written to some of the society, who mightily commend it out of ignorance or flattery : The other is a gentleman of Estramadura, nam'd Don Ballazar Fan Farrerirco, who is come post to court, to demand a reward for having kill'd a Portuguese with a blunderbuss ; he dreams that they have given him a viceroyship, and yet he is not satisfy'd.

Over-against this inn lives a notary : you see him and his wife lying in two little beds. In this very instant they are dreaming things quite different ; the husband, that he's rubbing over an old musty deed ; and madam, his wife, that

she's at a mercer's buying a new rich gown, with ready money, at the same price that a dutchess refus'd it upon tick.

Asmodeo was about continuing his observations, but he was suddenly taken with a frisson, which hinder'd him ; the scholar ask'd why he shook so : Ah ! reply'd the daemon, signior Don Cleofas, I am undone. The conjurer, who kept me in the bottle, has found out that I am flown ; he calls me, he threatens me, he conjures so forcibly that all hell rings with it. I must obey him, I will carry you back to your apartment, and then fly to the wretched garret from whence you brought me. In ending these words he embrac'd the scholar, took him up, waisted him to his chamber, and vanish'd.

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